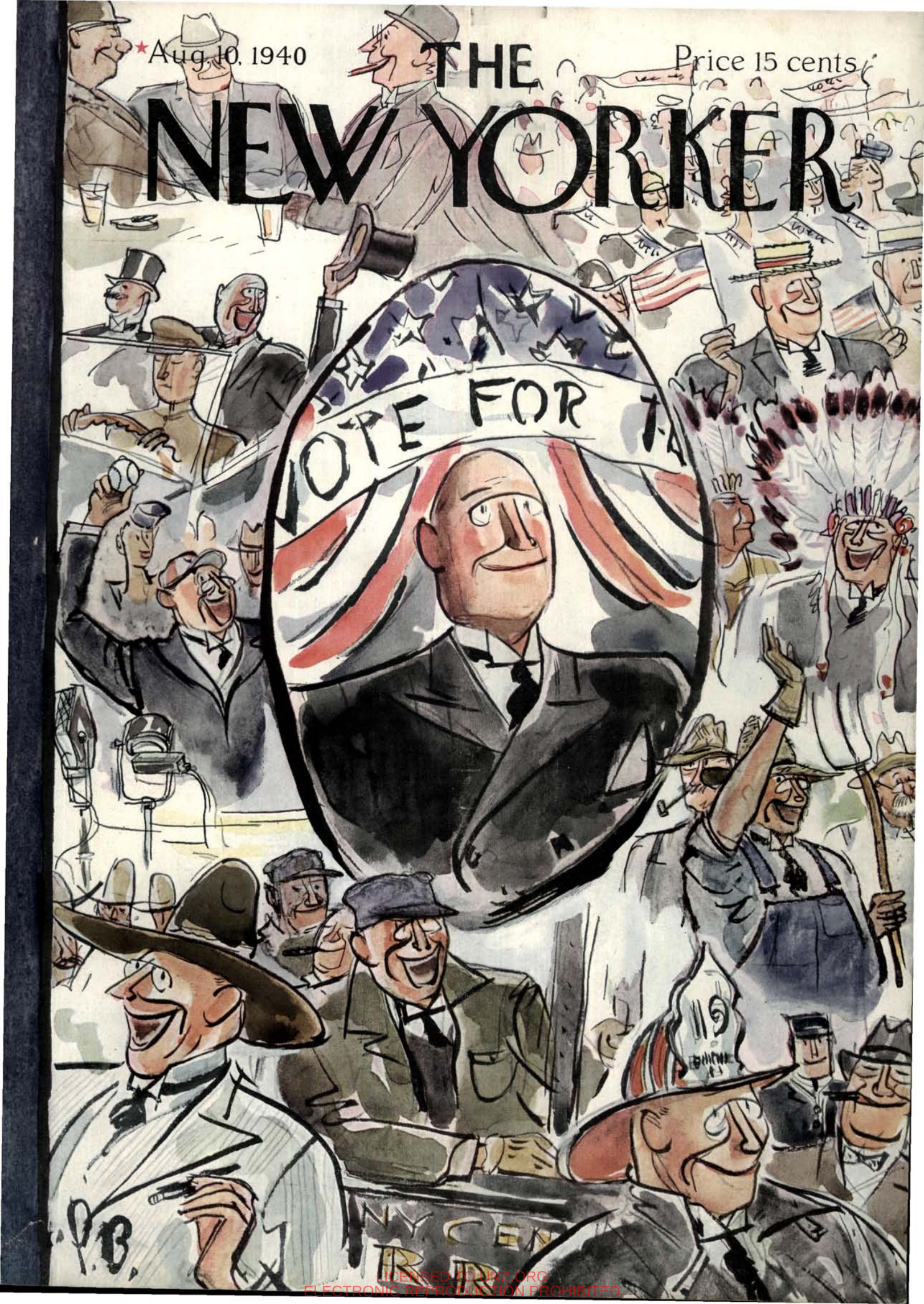
★Aug. 10, 1940

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



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Here in America it is "Let the *maker* beware"—let him make at his own risk.

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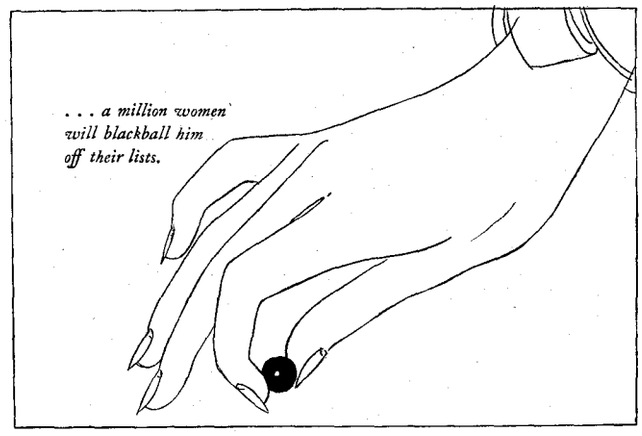

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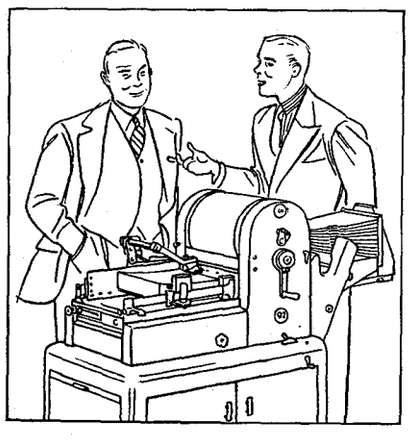

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Life with Father—Mother manages to get Father baptized, though against his better judgment. A very pleasant comedy, based on Clarence Day's book. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney head the cast. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came To Dinner—Monty Woolley is splendid as the famous raconteur who turns an Ohio household upside down. John Hoysradt and Carol Goodner are a couple of his famous friends. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

There Shall Be No Night—Robert E. Sherwood's conviction that the struggle in Europe is everybody's business made into a powerful and eloquent play. The Lunts are excellent, and they are very capably supported by Richard Whorf, Sydney Greenstreet, Montgomery Clift, and Elisabeth Fraser. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Thurs. Closes Fri., Aug. 9.)

Tobacco Road—After seven long years, this is finally expiring. Will Geer plays Jeeter Lester. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat. Closes Sat., Aug. 17.)

WITH MUSIC

Du Barry Was a Lady—Bawdy in an expensive way but also very funny, thanks to Bert Lahr and Ethel Merman. Cole Porter music. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Hellz-a-Poppin—A revised version of the rough-and-tumble vaudeville acts insanely led by Olsen and Johnson. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Higher and Higher—You'd better just forget about the involved plot of this musical comedy and listen to the Rodgers-and-Hart score and look at the pretty girls. Jack Haley and Shirley Ross head the cast. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Louisiana Purchase—A fine musical comedy about New Orleans politics, possibly under the late Senator Long, written by Morrie Ryskind and Irving Berlin. Victor Moore is magnificent as a New England reformer, and William Gaxton, Vera Zorina, and Irene Bordoni are very helpful, too. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Jones Beach—A big variety show, with a water ballet, water sports, and fireworks. (Marine Stadium, Jones Beach, L.I. Wantagh 1600. Sat. Eves. at 8:30.)

SUMMER STOCK

(In this listing you may find one or more theatres not too distant from where you happen to be in the country. No matinées, unless otherwise noted.)

Amherst—Fred Stone in "Ah, Wilderness!": through Sat., Aug. 10. Ruth Chatterton in "Private Lives": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 12-17. (Kirby Theatre, Amherst, Mass. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Branford—Frankie Thomas, Jr., in "The Youngest": through Sat., Aug. 10. Eddie Nugent and Helen Twelvetrees in "Man in the Moon," a new play by John Triggs: Tues. through Sat., Aug. 13-17. (Montowese Playhouse, Indian Neck, Branford, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs.)

Cambridge—Guy Robertson in "Petticoat Fever": through Sat., Aug. 10. Miriam Battista in "White Cargo": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 12-17. (Cambridge Summer Theatre, Brattle Hall, Cambridge, Mass. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed.)

Cambridge Springs—Taylor Holmes in his new play, "Always Romance": through Sat., Aug. 10. (Pine Grove Playhouse, Cambridge Springs, Pa. 9 o'clock.)

Cape May—Julie Haydon and Hugh Rennie in "Minick": through Sat., Aug. 10. "Cradle Song": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 13-17. (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. 8:45.)

Cedarhurst—Jane Cowl in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion": through Sat., Aug. 10. (Cedarhurst Playhouse, Cedarhurst, L.I. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Clinton—Patricia Bowman in "After the Ball," a new musical by Edward Eager: through Sat., Aug. 10. Frances Farmer in "Little Women": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 12-17. (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Fri.)

Cohasset—Madge Evans in "Private Lives": through Sat., Aug. 10. Mady Christians in "No Time for Comedy": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 12-17. (South Shore Players, Cohasset, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 17. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING THOSE OF TRAINS, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

Dennis—Ruth Chatterton in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow": through Sat., Aug. 10. Tallulah Bankhead in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 12-17. (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Fri.)

Fitchburg—Gloria Stuart in "The Night of January 16th": through Sat., Aug. 10. Frankie Thomas, Jr., in "The Youngest": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 12-17. (Lake Whalom Theatre, Fitchburg, Mass. 8:20. Mats. 2:20, Wed.)

Gloucester—"The Hottentot": through Sat., Aug. 10. Alison Skipworth in "Criminal at Large": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 12-17. (Bass Rocks Theatre, Gloucester, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Great Neck—Peggy Converse and Dennis Hoey in "The Importance of Being Earnest": through Sat., Aug. 10. (Chapel Theatre, Middle Neck Rd., Great Neck, L.I. 8:50.)

Guilford—Laurette Taylor in "Outward Bound"; through Sat., Aug. 10. Constance Collier in "Hay Fever": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 12-17. (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Harrison—Joe E. Brown in "The Show-Off": through Sat., Aug. 10. (Deertrees Theatre, Harrison, Me. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., Thurs., and Fri.)

Ivoryton—"Margin for Error": through Sat., Aug. 10. Ethel Waters in "Mamba's Daughters": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 12-17. (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Fri.)

Locust Valley—Sheila Barrett in "Crazy with the Heat," a new revue by Dana Suesse, Milton Berle, John La Touche, and others: through Sat., Aug. 10. (Red Barn Theatre, Locust Valley, L.I. 9 o'clock.)

Maplewood—Flora Robson and the original cast in "Ladies in Retirement": through Sat., Aug. 10. Edna Ferber in "The Royal Family": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 12-17. (Maplewood Theatre, Maplewood, N.J. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Marblehead—Helen Claire in "Here Today": through Sat., Aug. 10. Grace George in "Kind Lady": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 12-17. (North Shore Players, Marblehead, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed.)

Martha's Vineyard—"The Torch Bearers": through Sat., Aug. 10. "Brief Moment": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 12-17. (Rice Playhouse, Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Matunuck—Ina Claire in "Biography": through Sat., Aug. 10. Sheila Barrett in "Crazy with the Heat," a new revue by Dana Suesse, Milton Berle, John La Touche, and others: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 12-17. (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs.)

Mt. Kisco—"Margin for Error": through Sat., Aug. 10. (Westchester Playhouse, Lawrence Farms, Mt. Kisco, N.Y. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed.)

New Hope—Walter Slezak in "Topaze": through Sat., Aug. 10. Peggy Wood in "Candida": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 12-17. (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Newport—John Beal in "No Time for Comedy": through Sat., Aug. 10. Norma Terris in "Not in Our Stars," a new play by Reginald Lawrence: Tues. through Sat., Aug. 13-17. (Casino Civic Theatre, Newport, R.I. Tues. Eves. at 9 o'clock; other Eves. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs.)

Ogunquit—Michael Strange and Bramwell Fletcher in "Amphitryon 38": through Sat., Aug. 10. Violet Heming and Bramwell Fletcher in "Design for Living": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 12-17. (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Me. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Fri.)

Orwigsburg—Buddy Ebsen in "The Poor Nut": through Sat., Aug. 10. (Kenley Deer Lake Theatre, Orwigsburg, Pa. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs.)

Pawling—"One Sunday Afternoon": through Sat., Aug. 10. "Outward Bound": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 12-17. (Starlight Theatre, Route 22, Pawling, N.Y. 8:40. Mats. at 3, Thurs.)

Princeton—Ethel Barrymore in "The School for Scandal": through Sat., Aug. 10. Paul Robeson in "The Emperor Jones": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 12-17. (McCarter Theatre, Princeton, N.J. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed.)

Ridgefield—Jimmy Savo in his own revue, "Mum's the Word": through Sat., Aug. 10. Ezra Stone in "What a Life!": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 12-17. (New England Playhouse, Ridgefield, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs.)

Roslyn—"Soft Shoulders," a new play by Christopher Morley: through Sat., Aug. 10. (Millpond Playhouse, Roslyn, L.I. 9 o'clock.)

Rye Beach—"Private Confusion," a new comedy by Hardie Albright and Austin Parker: through Sat., Aug. 10. "The Bat": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 13-17. (Farragut Playhouse, Rye Beach, N.H. 8:30.)

Saratoga Springs—Eric Rhodes in "Goodbye Again": through Sat., Aug. 10. Francis Lederer in "No Time for Comedy": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 12-17. (Spa Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. 9 o'clock. Mats. 2:40, Thurs.)

Schenectady—"Seventeen": through Sat., Aug. 10. Sally Eilers in "Smilin' Through": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 13-17. (Mohawk Drama Festival, Union College, Schenectady, N.Y. 8:45.)

Skowhegan—James Bell in "Abraham Lincoln": through Sat., Aug. 10. "Dollars and Horse Sense," a new comedy by Philip Dunning: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 12-17. (Lakewood Players, Skowhegan, Me. 8 o'clock. Mats. 2:30, Sat.)

Southampton—"Jeff Comes Home," a new play by John S. Rodell: Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 15-17. (Parrish Memorial Theatre, Southampton, L.I. 8:45.)

Spring Lake—Rex O'Malley in "Sleeping Partners": through Sat., Aug. 10. "The Romantic Mr. Dickens," a new play by H. H. and Marguerite Harper: Wed. through Sat., Aug. 14-17. (Community Playhouse, Spring Lake, N.J. 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Thurs. and Sat.)

Stamford—"Carriage Trade," a new play by Robert Thomsen: through Sat., Aug. 10. (Community Playhouse, Stamford, Conn. 8:45.)

Stockbridge—Ruth Gordon in "The Millionairess," by George Bernard Shaw: through Sat., Aug. 10. Ethel Barrymore in "The School for Scandal": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 12-17. (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Suffern—"The Constant Nymph": through Sat., Aug. 10. "African Vineyard," a new play by Gladys Unger and Walter Armitage: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 12-17. (County Theatre, Suffern, N.Y. 8:45.)

Westboro—Diana Barrymore and John Craven in "The First Year": through Sat., Aug. 10. "The Hottentot": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 12-17. (Town Hall Playhouse, Westboro, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Westport—Paul Robeson in "The Emperor Jones": through Sat., Aug. 10. (Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed.)

White Plains—Tallulah Bankhead in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray": through Sat., Aug. 10. Rom-

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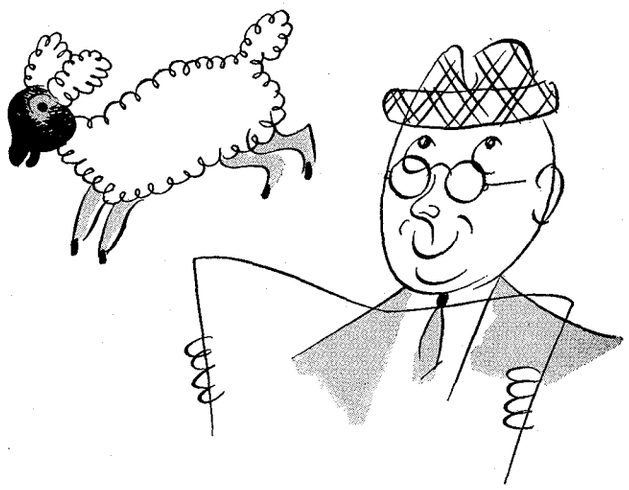
THE MAN IN THE GLASSES IS MAKING A SPECTACLE OF HIMSELF

This is J. Asterpuss Throop, member of the firm of Throop, Hornswoggle, Sisterbridge & Forkum, Attorneys at Law. He ought to work in the clothing business, instead of a law office. Because he's so good at wool-gathering.

Ten minutes ago the train stopped at Scarsdale, where he meant to get off. In fact the conductor bawled "Scarsdale, Scarsdale," practically in his ear.



But Mr. Throop was wool-gathering. He didn't hear. And now he's waked up in North White Plains.

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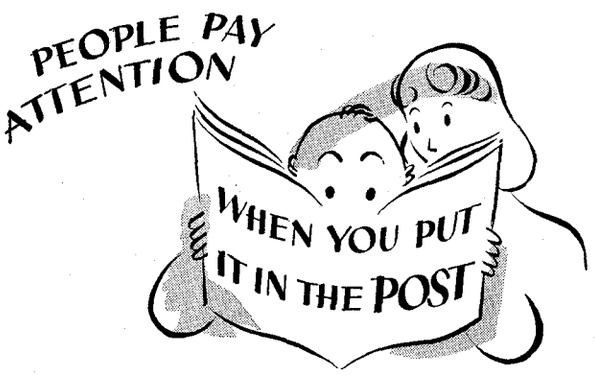

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ney Brent and Gina Malo in "The World Walks In," a new play by John Campbell Crosby and John Golden: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 12-17. (Ridgeway Theatre, White Plains, N.Y. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Sat.)

WOODSTOCK—Charita Bauer in "White Pony," a new play by Marion Lloyd: Thurs. through Sun., Aug. 8-11. (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. 8:45.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of a number of places where, with a few indicated exceptions, you will find music or other entertainment. Some of those in the city may close for one or more nights over these summer weekends.)

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Larry Siry's orchestra plays for dinner dancing in this green and pleasant place.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—On the Roof there's entertainment and music by Alvino Rey and his orchestra.

COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—A small, attractive spot, with the Tisdale Trio and Nicki Raymond's orchestra.

MONTPARNASSE, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345)—A handy oasis for upper East Siders, and nice enough for anyone else willing to travel a bit off the beaten path. A quintet plays for dancing.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Joan Edwards and Bob Knight's orchestra are in the Café at the supper hour. Felix Ferry is in charge of things.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 6-1400)—Way, way up there, you'll find Ray Heatherton's orchestra and a show. . . . Marlynn and Michael are in their third year in the Rainbow Grill, where Barry Winton's orchestra plays.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Hal Saunders' orchestra and a small show are on the Viennese Roof. Must dress if you want to dance.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—John Buckmaster, acting like people he isn't, is in the Café Lounge at the supper hour. Emile Petti's orchestra provides the music.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The same faces at their accustomed places. Charlie Wright's orchestra and a rumba band.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Frances Williams will sing here through Tues., Aug. 13. Panchito's rumba band and Nicholas D'Amico's orchestra will stay on.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Xavier Cugat's orchestra plays for dancing under the blue electric stars of the Starlight Roof. At the supper hour, Mischa Borr's orchestra alternates with Cugat's, and Larry Adler is there with his harmonica.

MISCELLANEOUS—At SPIVY'S ROOF, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): the former head lady at Tony's at last has a place of her own in which to sing those songs. . . . ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music by Frank Mandella's orchestra. . . . PENTHOUSE CLUB, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music is pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below. No dancing. . . . WARWICK, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with a mite of a dance floor. . . . ASTOR ROOF, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Woody Herman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Al Kavelin's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . PENNSYLVANIA ROOF, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Everett Hoagland's orchestra (to be replaced by Russ Morgan's on Fri., Aug. 9). . . . ST. MORITZ, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . BOSSERT MARINE ROOF, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (MA 4-8100): quite a trip, maybe, but the view of the harbor is fine when you get there; Eddie Lane's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . BILL'S GAY NINETIES, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): the old songs, of course; loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . . JIMMY KELLY'S, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdy-dow fun down in the Village for people who never seem to want to go home.

•

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge in a Billy Rose show. . . . BEACHCOMBER, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): a South Sea setting, with the emphasis all on Zombies; Sonny Kendis's orchestra, except Mon. . . . HURRICANE, B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): another tropical place, with Eddie Bush's orchestra. . . . LA CONGA, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a rumba band and a Latin show. . . . 18 CLUB, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White's broad humor continues to be the main attraction.

AL-FRESCO DINING—With dancing: CLAREMONT INN, Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600); and TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Pk. W. at 67 (BU 8-3954).

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 17. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING THOSE OF TRAINS, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

. . . Without dancing: CHATHAM WALK, Vanderbilt at 48 (VO 5-5400); PAVILLON MARGUERY, 270 Park, at 47 (WI 2-9000); the JAPANESE GARDEN of the Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46 (PL 3-4600); and the PROMENADE CAFÉ, in the Sunken Plaza, Rockefeller Center (CI 6-5800).

PURE SWING—At the HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra playing for admirers who just sit around the bar admiring. Adele Girard is there, too. . . . CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village institution, with Teddy Wilson's band, Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and the boogie-woogie pianists, Johnson and Ammons. Closed Mon. . . . NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Joe Sullivan, Eddie Condon, and Pee Wee Russell are some of the boys in the coöperative band here. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar place, with, except Tues., Zutty Singleton's Trio and, except Mon., some Calypso singers.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: CASTLEHOLM, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and QUEEN MARY, 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Latin: EL CHICO, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

OUT OF TOWN

DANCING AT NEARBY PLACES—Ben Riley's ARROWHEAD INN, Henry Hudson P'kway, at 246 (Kingsbridge 6-2000): Irving Conn's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . Ben Marden's RIVIERA, at the other end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000): Leo Reisman's orchestra, Pancho's rumba band, Sophie Tucker, Harry Richman, and Joe E. Lewis. . . . WESTCHESTER BATH CLUB, 10 Lawn Terrace, Mamaroneck (Mamaroneck 543): Jack Towne's orchestra. . . . GLEN ISLAND CASINO, off Shore Rd., New Rochelle (Hamilton 4480): Bobby Byrne's orchestra. . . . BOARDWALK CAFÉ, Jones Beach, L.I. (Wantagh 1600): Ozzie Nelson's orchestra; a fill-in band Mon. . . . CHANTICLER, Millburn and Short Hills Aves., Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): George Sterney's orchestra. . . . MEADOWBROOK, on Route 23, Cedar Grove, N.J. (Verona 8-9817): Cab Calloway's orchestra will be replaced on Tues., Aug. 13, by Joe Venuti's. Closed Mon.

FURTHER OUT OF TOWN—At CANOE PLACE INN, Montauk Highway, Hampton Bays, L.I. (Hampton Bays 150): Lou Lang's orchestra. . . . NEW PROSPECT HOTEL, Shelter Island Heights, L.I. (Shelter Island 65): Charley Wood's orchestra. . . . SEVEN PONDS INN, Montauk Highway, Water Mill, L.I. (Water Mill 500): a quartet plays for dancing, except Tues. . . . GUIDO'S SAPPHIRE ROOM, Monmouth County C.C., Eatontown, N.J. (Eatontown 95): Maximillian Bergère's orchestra. . . . The Spanish Grill of the MONMOUTH HOTEL, Spring Lake Beach, N.J. (Spring Lake 330): Walter Feldkamp's orchestra. . . . PERONA FARM, Andover, N.J. (Lake Mohawk 9600): Ray Rizzony's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . ROSS FENTON FARM, Deal Lake, North Asbury Park, N.J. (Asbury Park 2074): Eddie Oliver's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . SEA BRIGHT YACHT CLUB, on Route 36, Sea Bright, N.J. (Sea Bright 82): Ray Morton's orchestra. . . . ARROWHEAD INN, Saratoga Springs: Ernie Holst's orchestra and a show. . . . PIPING ROCK, Saratoga Springs: Ted Straeter's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show.

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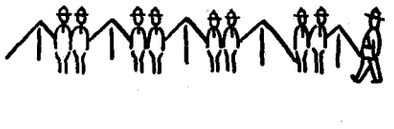
DINNER IN THE COUNTRY—Places to dine (mostly without dancing) while motoring—BETHPAGE, L.I.: Beau Séjour (Hicksville 91). . . . BROOKHAVEN, L.I.: Brook House (Bellport 394). . . . HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.: Catena's Restaurant (Hampton Bays 170). . . . LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.: Lakeville Manor Inn (Great Neck 2790). . . . OAKDALE, L.I.: Stirrup-Cup Castle (Sayville 889). . . . SMITHTOWN, L.I.: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016). . . . SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.: Round Hill Restaurant, on Jericho Turnpike (Huntington 1371). . . . SYOSSET, L.I.: Stockholm, on Jericho Turnpike (Syosset 1749). . . . WESTHAMPTON, L.I.: Casa Basso (Westhampton 1841). . . . AMAWALK, N.Y.: Benedusi's, on Route 202 (Yorktown 984). . . . COLD SPRING, N.Y.: Harbor Hill Inn, on Lane Gate Rd., off Route 301 (Cold Spring 975). . . . DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.: Old Drover's Inn, on Route 22 (Dover Plains 2781). . . . HAWTHORNE, N.Y.: Valley View Farm, on Old Saw Mill River Rd., near P'kway (Pleasantville 120). . . . MT. KISCO, N.Y.: Lawrence Farms Inn, on Route 117 (Mt. Kisco 5324). . . . NEW CITY, N.Y.: French Farms (New City 981). . . . POUNDRIDGE, N.Y.: Emily Shaw's Inn (Bedford Village 9371); and Rainbow Tea House (Bedford Village 616). . . . SLOATSBURG, N.Y.: Vailati's, on Route 17, near Tuxedo (Sloatsburg 245). . . . BRIDGEWATER, CONN.: Hilltop Farm (New Milford 830). . . . DANBURY, CONN.: White Turkey Inn, on Route 7 (Danbury 4548). . . . NORWALK, CONN.: Silvermine Tavern, Perry and Silvermine Aves. (Norwalk 88). . . . REDDING RIDGE, CONN.: Spinning Wheel (Redding 67). . . . RIDGEFIELD, CONN.: Outpost Inn, on Route 33 (Ridgefield 882); dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves. . . . SOUTHPORT, CONN.: Tide Mill Tavern, off Post Rd. (Fairfield 9-2900). . . . WESTPORT, CONN.: Cobb's Mill Inn, on Route 57 (Westport 4330); dancing Wed., Fri., and Sat. Eves.; and Red Barn, off Merritt P'kway (Westport 3971). . . . ALPINE, N.J.: Le Petit Pavillon Royal, on Route 9W (Closter 788). . . . BERNARDSVILLE, N.J.: Old Mill Inn, on Route 32 (Bernardsville 70). . . . DOYLESTOWN, PA.: Water Wheel Tavern, Old Route 611 (Doylestown 7941).



ART

AMERICANS IN HOLLYWOOD—An exhibition of pictures painted by nine native artists, including Benton, Biddle, and Wood, in connection with the filming of the O'Neill play, "The Long Voyage Home": Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 10.

CATLIN—Carefully documented pictures by this nineteenth-century painter of Indian life; also, selected works by other Americans: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30.

EUROPEANS AND AMERICANS—A varied show of modern painters, with the Americans—Hartley, Nordfeldt, Maurer, to name a few—coming out on top: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Mon. through Thurs., 2 to 4 P.M.; Fri., 10:30 A.M. to 12:30 P.M.; through Sept. 28.

FRENCH—At the PERLS, 32 E. 58: an attractively contrasted group of works by modern and modern-primitive artists of the Paris school. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30. . . . HARRIMAN, 63 E. 57: Matisses, Picassos, Derains, and so on—most of them good ones. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 27.

GROUPS—At the MILCH, 108 W. 57: paintings by contemporary Americans. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30. . . . MACBETH, 11 E. 57: from William S. Mount and A. H. Wyant to Robert Philipp and Jon Corbino, with the elders having a shade the edge of things. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30. . . . WALKER, 108 E. 57: Curry, Ruellan, and Grosz, in a showing of contemporary Americans. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 23. . . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 38 W. 57: paintings by Csoka, Corbino, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . KRAUSHAAR, 730 5 Ave., at 57: du Bois, Bouché, Schnakenberg, among other present-day Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30.

LATIN AMERICAN—A comprehensive showing of paintings, sculpture, and prints by contemporary Brazilian, Dominican, Ecuadorian, Mexican, and Venezuelan artists: Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 104: Tues. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 20.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Mexican art from away back right up to the present in a big, varied, but surprisingly coherent show that fills the Museum and overflows into the garden behind it. A new fresco by Orozco is on view. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

SOVIET GRAPHIC ART—Some remarkably gay illustrations for children's tales set the tone for a collection of woodcuts, color prints, and other graphics: A.C.A., 52 W. 8. Thurs., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

HERE AND THERE—At the MAYER, 41 E. 57: British and American water colors and prints. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30. . . . MONTROSS, 785 5 Ave., at 60: oils and water colors by twenty-five contemporary Americans. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30. . . . F.A.R., 19 E. 61: original aquatints by Goya. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 16.

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic Symphony—Freccia conducting, Thurs. through Sun., Aug. 8-11; Smallens conducting, Mon. through Wed., Aug. 12-14, final concerts of the season. Soloists: Elman, Aug. 8; Templeton, Aug. 12; Zimbalist, Aug. 14. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. At 8:30. Downtown ticket office: Steinway Hall, 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534.)

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GOLDMAN BAND—Central Park Mall, Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sun. Eves. at 8:30; Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. at 8:30.

OUT OF TOWN—The BERKSHIRE SYMPHONIC FESTIVAL, Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting: Tanglewood, Route 183, between Stockbridge and Lenox, Mass., Thurs. and Sat. Eves., Aug. 8 and 10, at 8:30; Sun. Aft., Aug. 11, at 3:30; Thurs. Eve., Aug. 15, at 7 and 9:30; Fri. Eve., Aug. 16, Allied Relief Fund benefit, at 6; and Sat. Eve., Aug. 17, at 8:30. Special features: Spalding, Aug. 8; Bach B-minor Mass, with Schumann, Kipnis, and others, Aug. 15; Maynor, Aug. 17. . . . BENNINGTON FESTIVAL, College Theatre, Bennington, Vt.: chamber-music concerts, Sun., Wed., Fri., and Sat. Afts., Aug. 11, 14, 16, and 17, at 4; Martha Graham and her group, Sun., Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves., Aug. 11, 13, 15, and 17, at 9. . . . COLONY OPERA GUILD, presenting "H.M.S. Pinafore": Barn Theatre, on the estate of Mrs. Charles S. Peabody, Bolton Rd., Lake George, N.Y., Fri. Eve., Aug. 16, at 8:45. . . . GORDON STRING QUARTET: The Hall, Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn., Sat. Afts. at 3:30, and Sun. Afts. at 4. . . . SOUTH MOUNTAIN STRING QUARTET: Temple of Music, South Mountain, Pittsfield, Mass., Fri. Afts. at 4. . . . CURTIS STRING QUARTET: Captain Eell's Boat Barn, Rockport, Me., Sun. Eves. at 8:30.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Fri. Aft., Aug. 9, at 3:15; Sat. and Sun. Afts., Aug. 10-11, at 3. Yankees vs. Boston, Tues. Aft., Aug. 13 (doubleheader), at 1:30; Wed. and Thurs. Afts., Aug. 14-15, at 3:15. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Dodgers, Thurs. Aft., Aug. 8, at 3:15. Giants vs. Philadelphia, Fri. Eve., Aug. 16, at 8:45; Sat. Aft., Aug. 17, at 3. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Tues. through Thurs. Afts., Aug. 13-15, at 3. Dodgers vs. Boston, Fri. Eve., Aug. 16, at 8:45.

BOXING—Polo Grounds, Tues. Eve., Aug. 13: Billy Conn vs. Bob Pastor, heavyweights; preliminaries at 8:30, main match (15 rounds) at about 10.

DOG SHOWS—Mt. Desert Kennel Club, Bar Harbor, Me., Sat., Aug. 10, at 9 A.M. . . . Lake Placid Kennel Club, Lake Placid, N.Y., Fri., Aug. 16, at 9 A.M. . . . Mohawk Valley Kennel Club, Bolton Landing, Lake George, N.Y., Sat., Aug. 17, at 9 A.M.

GOLF—New York State Women's Championships, Troy C.C., Troy, daily through Sat., Aug. 10. . . . Eastern Amateur Championship, Briar Hills G.C., Briarcliff Manor, N.Y., daily through Sun., Aug. 11. . . . Jersey Shore Invitation, Norwood G.C., West Long Branch, Fri. through Sun., Aug. 9-11. . . . Long Island Mixed Foursomes, Cherry Valley Club, Garden City, Wed., Aug. 14. . . . Invitation Tournament, Green Meadow Club, Harrison, N.Y., Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 15-17.

HORSE SHOWS—Sagamore Show, Lake George, N.Y., Fri. through Sun., Aug. 9-11, at 1 P.M. . . . Litchfield, Conn., Sat., Aug. 10, at 9 A.M. . . . North Shore, Stony Brook, L.I., Thurs. and Fri., Aug. 15-16, at 9 A.M., and Sat. and Sun., Aug. 17-18, at 2 P.M. . . . Lake Placid, Sat., Aug. 17, at 10 A.M., and Sun., Aug. 18, at 1:30 P.M.

POLO—High-goal play at Bostwick Field, Jericho Turnpike (Route 25), Westbury, Sun. Afts. at 3:30; and at the Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, Sat. and Sun. Afts. at 3:30, and Tues. and Thurs. Afts. at 5:30.

RACING—Weekdays at Saratoga Springs, at 2:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31. The Saratoga Special and the Alabama, Aug. 10; the Sanford, Aug. 14; the Spinaway and the Travers, Aug. 17. (Regular trains leave Grand Central weekdays at 9:30 A.M., arriving Saratoga at 1:33 P.M. The Saturday Special leaves Grand Central at 9:30 A.M., arriving Saratoga at 1:30 P.M.)

SKEET—National Championships, Onondaga Skeet Club, Syracuse, N.Y., daily through Sat., Aug. 10, at 7 A.M.

SPEEDBOATS—Gold Cup Race, Indian Harbor Y.C., Northport, L.I., Sat., Aug. 17, at 2 P.M.

TENNIS—Eastern Grass Court Championships, Westchester C.C., Rye, daily through Sun., Aug. 11. . . . Invitation Tournament, Newport Casino Lawn Tennis Club, Newport, R.I., Mon. through Sat., Aug. 12-17.

TROTTING—Grand Circuit, Good Time Park, Goshen, N.Y., Mon. through Sat., Aug. 12-17, at 2 P.M. The Hambletonian, Aug. 14.

YACHTING—Race Week, Marblehead, Mass., through Sun., Aug. 11. . . . Annual Cruise, American Y.C., Rye, Thurs. through Sun., Aug. 8-11. . . . Annual Cruise, N.Y.Y.C., New London to Gloucester, Sun., Aug. 11, through Wed., Aug. 21 (Astor Cup Race, Newport, Aug. 13; Annual Regatta, Buzzards Bay, Aug. 15). . . . Cornfield Lightship and Stratford Shoal Races, City Island Y.C., City Island, Sat., Aug. 17.

Championship races on the Sound, at 1:45 P.M.: Port Washington Y.C., Sat., Aug. 10; Junior Championships, Knickerbocker Y.C., Port Washington, Mon. through Thurs., Aug. 12-15; Huguenot Y.C., Sat., Aug. 17.

OTHER EVENTS

ARMY MANEUVERS—A hundred thousand officers and men of the regular Army, National Guard, and organized reserves from all parts of the Northeast will be drilling at Plattsburg, N.Y., through Sat., Aug. 31.

DA VINCI EXHIBITION—Two hundred or more models of the Italian master's inventions, recently constructed in Milan from his sketches and notes: Museum of Science and Industry, R.C.A. Bldg., Rockefeller Center, daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

PLANETARIUM—"Weather or Not" is the topic of the August lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81: Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M., and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. and holidays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

MRS. E. ROLAND HARRIMAN,

one of the conspicuous figures at Goshen during the trotting season. She's not the only woman driver on the big-time trotting tracks, but she's the most famous. You can spot her at the track—she's the one in the beret and slacks.

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ON THE AIR

TENNIS—Eastern Grass Court Championships: Sat. Aft., Aug. 10, at 2, WJZ.

RACING—At Saratoga Springs: the Alabama, Sat. Aft., Aug. 10, at 5:15, WABC, WJZ; the Travers, Sat. Aft., Aug. 17, at 5:30, WABC, WOR.

BOXING—Billy Conn vs. Bob Pastor: Tues. Eve., Aug. 13, at 10, WJZ.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:45, and Wed. and Sat. Eves. at 7:45, WEAF. . . . Edwin C. Hill, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:05, WABC. . . . Lowell Thomas, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:45, WJZ. . . . Wythe Williams, Sun. Eves. at 7:45, and Mon. Eves. at 9, WOR. . . . Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Thurs. Eves. at 9, WQXR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 10, WOR.

News broadcasts from abroad: weekdays at 6:45 and 10:30 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC, WJZ.

FREQUENCY MODULATION—The new "staticless-radio" programs are being broadcast daily from 9 A.M. to midnight by WOR over its new station, W2XOR, and from 4 to 10 P.M. over WQXR's station, W2XQR.

MOTION PICTURES

ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS—Raymond Massey superbly transferring to the screen the rôle he once played so successfully on the stage. With Ruth Gordon as Mrs. Lincoln. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Sun. through Tues., Aug. 11-13.)

THE BAKER'S WIFE—A wicked and sprightly French bit which will amuse you and surprise you. With Raimu as a peasant who has wife trouble. (World, 153 W. 49.)

DAYBREAK—Jean Gabin as a gentle murderer in a French picture of prewar days. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

DISNEY FESTIVAL—A reshowing of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" and four shorts. (Criterion, B'way at 44; through Sat., Aug. 17.)

EDISON, THE MAN—A handsomely framed portrait of the great scientist, posed for by Spencer Tracy. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Aug. 8. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Fri., Aug. 9. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Aug. 10. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 10-12.)

GONE WITH THE WIND—This is still going strong, and seems essential to the culture of many groups. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

THE MAYOR'S DILEMMA—A peculiarly appealing and human French film of life in a small town during the first World War, the town being just on the outskirts of Château Thierry. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 10-12.)

THE MORTAL STORM—Of a German family in 1933, and how events changed the lives of all its members. Powerful and not overdone. With Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, Robert Young, and Frank Morgan. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Mon., Aug. 12. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., Aug. 9-11. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 9-12.)

MY FAVORITE WIFE—Irene Dunne and Cary Grant in a funny skit about marriage. Lively and light. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 10-12. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Aug. 12-13.)

SUSAN AND GOD—Joan Crawford and Fredric March handle Rachel Crothers' satire about a lady and her religious spasm with quite a bit of life and style. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Aug. 12. . . . State, B'way at 45; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., Aug. 14.)

TORRID ZONE—Ann Sheridan, Cagney, and O'Brien in a rakish, tough little item about life down in one of those banana republics of South America. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 10-12.)

REVIVALS

A NOUS LA LIBERTÉ (1932)—René Clair film. French. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 10-12.)

BACHELOR MOTHER (1939)—Ginger Rogers and David Niven. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 13-14.)

BERKELEY SQUARE (1933)—With Leslie Howard. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Sat., Aug. 10.)

CATHERINE, THE GREAT (1934)—Elisabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Wed. and Thurs., Aug. 14-15.)

COME AND GET IT (1936)—Edward Arnold, Frances Farmer, and Joel McCrea. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., Aug. 11-12.)

DESIRE (1936)—Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 9-12.)

IT'S A GIFT (1934)—With W. C. Fields. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Sat., Aug. 10.)

THE LADY VANISHES (1938)—With Dame May Whitty. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting Tues., Aug. 13.)

MIDNIGHT (1939)—Claudette Colbert and Don Ameche. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs., Aug. 8.)

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII (1933)—With Charles Laughton. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 13-14. . . . 5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Wed. and Thurs., Aug. 14-15.)

PYGMALION (1938)—Wendy Hiller and Leslie Howard. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Fri., Aug. 16.)

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL (1935)—Merle Oberon and Leslie Howard. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., Aug. 11-12.)

A STAR IS BORN (1937)—Janet Gaynor and Fredric March. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Sun. through Tues., Aug. 11-13.)

STOLEN LIFE (1939)—With Elisabeth Bergner. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs., Aug. 8.)

THEODORA GOES WILD (1936)—Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting Tues., Aug. 13.)

THE WIZARD OF OZ (1939)—Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, and Frank Morgan. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Aug. 10.)

THE WOMEN (1939)—Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, and Rosalind Russell. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. and Fri., Aug. 15-16.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing the following comedies weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M.: "Grandma's Boy," with Harold Lloyd, and "Sherlock, Jr.," with Buster Keaton, Thurs., Aug. 8. "Doubling for Romeo," with Will Rogers and Raymond Hatton, and "Goodness Gracious," with Clara Kimball Young and Sidney Drew, Fri., Aug. 9. "His Majesty the American," with Douglas Fairbanks, Sat., Aug. 10. Five Mack Sennett comedies, 1910-1916, Sun., Aug. 11. "Mickey," with Mabel Normand, and "Stenographer Wanted," Mon., Aug. 12. Five 1914 Chaplin comedies, Tues., Aug. 13. Four 1915 Chaplin comedies, Wed., Aug. 14. Four 1916 Chaplin comedies, Thurs., Aug. 15. "It Happened One Night," with Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, Fri., Aug. 16. "Duck Soup," with the Marx Brothers, and "The Barber Shop," with W. C. Fields, Sat., Aug. 17.

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THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Gates open daily at 9 A.M. Admission: adults, 50 cents; children, 25 cents. Most shows in the exhibit, transportation, and foreign-federal areas open at 10 A.M. and close at 10 P.M., but some restaurants and bars there stay open later if trade warrants. Amusement area perks up in the late afternoon and keeps going until 2 A.M. . . . Fountain and fireworks displays nightly on the Lagoon at 9:15, on Liberty Lake at 10. . . . The places you most want to see are almost sure to be crowded, at least in good weather.

TRANSPORTATION

By Rail—The L.I.R.R.: the fastest way to get there. Daily shuttle service to exhibit-area gate. Trains every 10 or 15 minutes, 9 A.M. to 9:45 P.M., from Tracks 15 and 16, Penn. Station (L.I. side). From the Fair, trains every 15 or 20 minutes; last train leaves at 2:58 A.M. A 10- or 15-minute run. . . . INDEPENDENT SUBWAY: best for amusement area. Take Queens train marked "E" to Continental Ave. station, cross platform, board train marked "GG." A half-hour trip from midtown Manhattan. . . . I.R.T. and B.-M.T.: Flushing trains stop at exhibit-area gate.

By Auto—Cars not admitted to Fair. Parking lots, a short bus ride from gates, 25 cents a day. Triborough Bridge is pleasantest route from midtown Manhattan.

By Bus—Double-decker Fifth Avenue bus (No. 15) starts at 25th St., turns East on 57th St., and crosses the Queensboro Bridge, providing a slow but reasonably comfortable trip to the transportation-area gate.

At the Fair—Roller and motor chairs with guides may be hired. Buses and tractor-pulled trains of open coaches have regular routes about the grounds. Ferries operate across the lake to the Florida Building (I) from the docks near Heineken's (H) and American Jubilee (K).

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Be prepared for last-minute changes in programs and schedules.)

MORE OR LESS SERIOUS

Ford (G)—Rides on elevated highways, and a field where a flock of tractors drill and till. Once an hour the Ballet Caravan dances a jaunty interpretation of how the horse has been done in by the automobile.

Gardens on Parade (A)—Lilies and the cactus garden are blooming now. Admission, 25 cents.

General Motors (F)—The lines waiting to get into the Futurama are frequently as incredible as the vistas of things to come shown inside. Opens at 9 A.M.

House of Jewels (C)—A fabulous assortment of diamonds and other precious stones awesomely displayed. Opens at 11 A.M., closes at 9 P.M.

Masterpieces of Art (C)—Not so brilliant as last year's show, but full of good paintings, nevertheless. Some 400 canvases, ranging from the sixteenth to the twentieth century. Admission: 50 cents weekdays, 25 cents Sun.

Railroads (F)—The big pageant of railroading called "Railroads on Parade," with genuine rolling stock and Kurt Weill music, is shown daily at 11:30 A.M. and 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. Admission, 25 and 55 cents. . . . "Railroads in Action," an elaborate model-train show, runs continuously from 10:15 A.M. to 8:15 P.M.

Telephones (C)—Sooner or later everyone joins the crowd eavesdropping on visitors calling up the folks back home. A machine named the Voder defies you to say a word it can't pronounce.

Trylon and Perisphere—Democracity—you remember. Admission, 25 cents.

World of Fashion (D)—Several of the leading stores and designers hereabouts joining in an impressive display of feminine fashions and accessories. A fashion show, with models wearing the latest gowns, is presented weekdays at 4:30 and 8 P.M.

Others of Interest—At **America at Home** (C): a theatrical arrangement of model interiors, from which you may pick up some useful pointers. . . . **American Art Today** (A): a big, lively exhibit of what the WPA is doing in the way of paintings, sculptures, prints, murals, and folk art. . . . **Aviation** (G): a new Army pursuit plane, camouflaged and capable of 400 miles an hour, among a number of other aircraft. . . . **Borden's** (D): cows, apparently very happy in a luxurious setting. . . . **Chrysler** (F): an impudent talking Plymouth and a hint of what a rocket port might look like if we ever take to travelling by rocket. . . . **Consolidated Edison** (D): a diorama of New York, with lights flashing and subways scurrying about. . . . **du Pont** (D): a sober account of how chemistry produces nylon and performs other acts of alchemy. . . . **Electric Utilities** (E): a New York street in the gaslit nineties. . . . **Electrified Farm** (A): turn a switch and the crops come up. . . . **Firestone** (G): tires manufactured while you wait, and a small zoo in a jungle setting. . . . **General Electric** (E): artificial lightning, real enough to scare the wits out of you, and some diverting acts of electrical prestidigitation. . . . **Glass Center** (D): how glass-blowers work. . . . **Goodrich** (F): male and female daredevil drivers risking their necks; shows Mon. through Fri. at 11 A.M., noon, and 2, 4, 6, and 7 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. every hour from 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **Hall of Inventions** (D): actual models—brain waves of the nineteenth century, mostly—from the Patent Office's collection. . . . **Kodak** (D): colored photographs impressively flashed on several big screens at once, and, outdoors, trick backgrounds for camera zealots to try out. . . . **Petroleum** (D): a full-sized oil derrick boring hundreds of feet under Flushing—so far, at least, without striking oil. . . . **R.C.A.** (C): up-to-the-minute television. . . . **Stamp Exhibit**, in the British Building (A): an unusual exhibition, including the Mauritius error, commemorating the centennial of the stick-on stamp. . . . **Westinghouse** (E): an outsize robot man and his robot dog. . . . **Zoological Wonders** (H): Pandora, the panda; Electra, the eel; and a flock of penguins.

A SELECTIVE GUIDE FOR THE INDULGENT FAIRGOER

A CODE LETTER, CORRESPONDING TO ONE ON THE MAP BELOW, INDICATES THE SECTION OF THE FAIR IN WHICH EACH PLACE MENTIONED IS TO BE FOUND. THIS LISTING COVERS THE PERIOD FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14.

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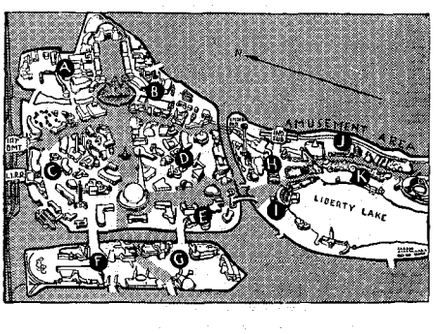
Foreign Buildings—All are in the foreign-federal area (A and B) unless otherwise noted. There are fewer of them this year, but among the attractive ones still open are those of Great Britain, Poland Finland, Brazil, and, for the time being, at least, France and Italy. The pavilions of Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, and Sweden (D) are run by sympathetic private groups. Many of the buildings have restful gardens and pleasant bars.

State Exhibits—Most of these are cluttered up with statistics, but Florida's (I) has an inviting beach on the lake front and an inviting interior, too. New York's (I) offers some rare historical documents, and the New England group (B) shows a full-rigged ship, which children like to clamber over.



THAT GREAT WHITE WAY

American Jubilee (K)—The Fair's own rather ponderous historical pageant, staged by Leon Leonidoff, with Lucy Monroe, Ray Middleton, and Paul Haakon heading a cast of 350. Songs by Oscar Hammerstein II and Arthur Schwartz. Daily at 3:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.

Aquacade (I)—A fresh version of the Billy Rose water spectacle that did so well last year. Eleanor Holm heads the large cast, which includes Buster Crabbe, Everett Marshall, and Vincent Lopez's orchestra. Daily at 3, 5, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.

Gay New Orleans (H)—Michael Todd's hit—almost a Fair in itself. Restaurants and bars, and a steady round of Negro and white revues beautifully staged out of doors by Hassard Short. A midnight Mardi Gras show tops things off.

The Streets of Paris (H)—Another of Michael Todd's. A shortened production, in the Fair's big Music Hall, of last year's Broadway revue. Gypsy Rose Lee undresses with considerable aplomb. Mon. through Fri. at 5, 8:45, and 10:30 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. at 3:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 10:30 P.M.

Zombie (J)—A tropical-island setting, something like the Beachcomber on Broadway. There's a rumba band in the garden every night except Mon., and John Kirby's orchestra plays at the bar on Fri. and Sat. Eves.

Some Other Places—At **Barbary Coast** (J): the customers, ranged along a huge bar, are prodded into noisy singing by Kay Parsons and other musical folk. . . . **Dancing Campus** (I): an outdoor dance floor big enough for the young to cut their wildest capers; dancing from about 6 P.M. on. . . . **Jungleland** (J): Frank Buck holding forth with a zoo, circus, and a swarm of monkeys on a mountain. . . . **Midget Town** (H): Morris Gest's troupe of small folk in a miniature village. . . . **Odditorium** (K): Ripley's "Believe It or Not" collection of strange people. . . . **Parachute Jump** (H): the 20-story drop is just as exciting as ever. . . . **Wall of Death** (K): hair-raising stunts by motorcyclists on the vertical walls of a motordrome. . . . **Winter Wonderland** (J): a show on skates and skis; frequent performances during the late afternoon and evening.

RESTAURANTS

(This is a list of some eating places at the Fair which, for one reason or another—frequently the setting—seem to call for special notice, but there are many others equally satisfactory. The service at any of them may be sketchy during hours when they're crowded.)

Ballantine's (H): simple, adequate food and an outdoor bar—a handy oasis in the amusement area. . . . **Belgian Building** (B): an awninged terrace, with one of the best views of the fireworks on the Lagoon. . . . **Brazilian Building** (A): a gay, light-hearted place, with dancing at dinner. . . . **French Building** (A): excellent à-la-carte meals in a truly de-luxe setting. . . . **Gardens on Parade** (A): a shady terrace, good, plain staples, and an admission charge, which helps thin out the crowds. . . . **Heineken's** (H): sustaining Dutch food and a view from a veranda of the fireworks on the Lake. . . . **Hungarian Pavilion** (A): goulash at a stand-up bar and other native dishes in a smallish restaurant. . . . **Iraq Pavilion** (A): the Bagdad Restaurant, serving the kind of food that makes the Arabs strong. . . . **McGinnis** (C): a big, bright place for sea food and charcoal-broiled steaks. . . . **Norwegian Building** (B): superior *smörgåsbord* in a new dining room. . . . **Pabst** (K): beer-garden fare in an attractive lakeside setting. . . . **Polish Building** (A): still the same fine Polish cooking, even if the larder is now almost entirely domestic; dancing from 6 P.M. on. . . . **Ponce de Leon Patio** (I): real Spanish dishes served against the Florida Building's tropical background. . . . **Ruby Foo's Lama Temple** (J): the setting alone is enough to convert you to Chinese food. . . . **Rumania** (B): the restaurant and garden are delightful and the food is good enough. . . . **Swedish Building** (D): snacks in a large courtyard; more elaborate meals inside. . . . **Swiss Building** (A): pleasantly informal, whether you eat upstairs in the restaurant or down in the garden under the maples. . . . **Washington Hall** (K): one of the amusement area's few places for leisurely meals with a French influence; you're served on a screened veranda overlooking the lake.

The following are also recommended: British Buttery (A), Childs (F), Czecho-Slovakian Pavilion (B), Finnish Pavilion (A), Gay New Orleans (H), Schaefer Center (D), Turf-Trylon Restaurant (C), Winter Wonderland (J), and World of Fashion (D).

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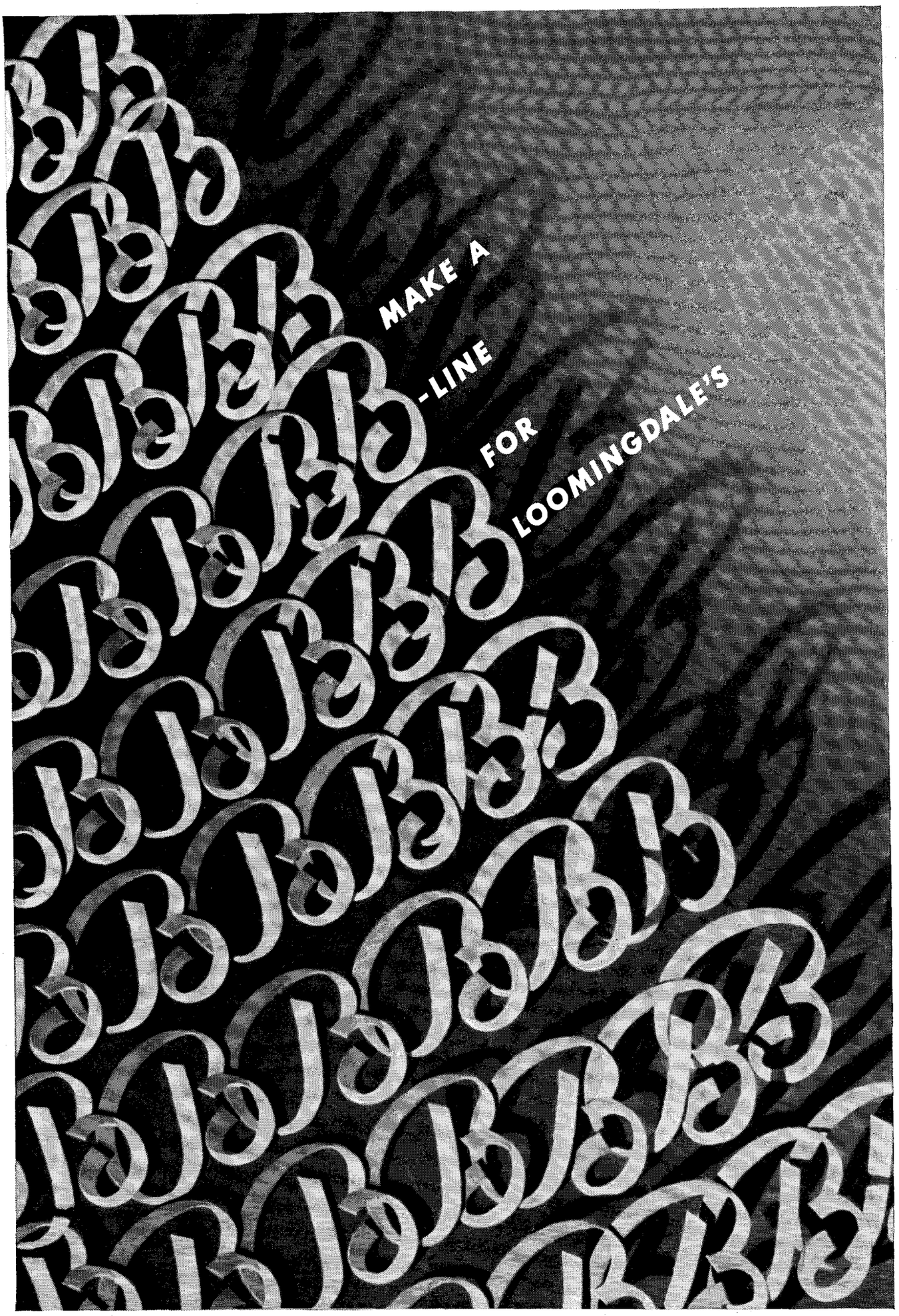

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to college in our "tundra coat" . . . an exclusive Altman version of an Arctic explorer's parka, done in soft silvery grey kid. Marked with exclamation points of campus approval, that hood to frame bright hair, those vast bellows of pockets, the tremendous bravado of the shoulders. Marked with a deep underscoring on value: the price is only 139.00.

Altman furs . . . third floor

FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE can hardly remember when we last looked a woman in the eye. The sunglasses, dark and almost opaque, that we used to see at Coney Island and Southampton have come into town, spreading blackouts from ear to ear. "The smartest girls around town are having their own pre-

scriptions made up," says *Mademoiselle*, showing us pictures of "Nancy Van Vleck hiding behind giggly goggles at the Pavillon Marguery," Patricia Suydam "in an anti-sun-glare pair, up-swinging and pixilated," and Natalie Hyde in "oval, panda-eyed specs." We don't know what the effect of all this will be. A girl who always looks through green lenses is bound to see things in a dim and bilious light; a girl accustomed to peering through amber will be only mildly surprised when the world burns down. The effect on men, we think, may be disconcerting, too; the relations between the sexes worse than ever. Grandfather may not have known much about a woman anatomically, but he had a better grasp of the whole problem than his grandson, who can see through almost all there is to a girl except the windows of her soul. Many a youth, peering anxiously into his loved one's eyes to find out what the hell she is driving at, is going to come away with the wrong information or no information at all. Many a grown man, baring his inmost heart to a silent and apparently receptive girl all the long afternoon, will discover that she has merely been asleep.

THE Army has discovered—rather late in its career, if you ask us—that people who are color-blind can see things that are camouflaged better than those with normal sight, and already the Air Corps has started checking over its lists of candidates who were rejected because they couldn't tell red from green. All branches of the service, in fact, may now be expected to make hurried but sharp and thoughtful reëxaminations of other old causes of rejection. What we're up against, obviously, is another important adjustment of military theory to newly discovered realities. The big new thing will be human salvage, the transformation of every man's handicap into a special military asset. The hurried, thoughtful reëxamination of ourself that we have just concluded has resulted in the discovery that we are going to be practically invaluable to our country if an emergency does arise. We see in our emaciation, which would have relegated us to home defence in another time, a special equipment for tree-to-tree fighting. The many nights we spent in the smoky caverns of the prohibition era have impaired our sense of smell to a degree that should enable us to bear up in cramped and airless ambuscades long after healthier specimens have given up the ghost. Even the weakening of our moral fibre, as the result of fifteen years of association with artists, writers, and other persons of dubious behavior, may have fitted us for some special service to our country. If the Army ever needs a good unscrupulous spy, a man who wouldn't hesitate to jeopardize a lady's honor for the plans of even so little as a rowboat, we are ready for the call.

A LOT of things are going to be wonderful if the government's plans work out. The new unity of national purpose will effect a readjustment of the educational system right off, so that practically every grade-school graduate will be able to operate a turning lathe, or at least a handsaw. A stimulated industry will absorb all the high-school graduates who have not already been absorbed by the Army. Hundreds of thousands of citizens will be able to pilot planes. Necessity will give birth to so many synthetic products that the country will be completely self-sufficient for all time. Assuming that the great preparation reaches its perfect flowering, unprecedented advances will take place in the fields of chemistry, metallurgy, aerodynamics, dietetics, asepsis, hospital administration, neuropsychiatry, and plastic surgery. All this will be wonderful. What will not be so wonderful will be the multiplication of intellectual realists who can be trusted to point out that, whether you like it or not, the war *was* a godsend to chemistry, metallurgy, aerodynamics, asepsis, etc. This will make it difficult to avoid another such renascence and will also turn our stomach. We wish we hadn't thought of it.

HENRY FORD put one foot across the threshold of seventy-seven, turned, and spoke to the world once more. "Show me a boy who wants to fix the family washing machine when it breaks

down, and I'll show you a successful man in the making," he said. While we were thinking that at one time we would have answered, "Show us a boy who wants to fix a washing machine and we'll show you a success on the assembly line," the great man went on. "The sooner we all learn that life is earnest and real, and that there is no short cut to economic or social security," he said, "the sooner we will achieve the purpose for which we were put on this earth." There was a time, too, when the inference, in a season of despair, that the sober realities of life had not impressed themselves on anyone except a Michigan mil-

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lionaire would have struck us as a cruel impertinence. As the years have gone by, however, we have come actually to love the birthdays of old men and the generalities that are certain to accompany them. These occasions succeed in restoring to us for an instant the forgotten flavor of a not-too-remote past, and the anachronistic air of what the old men feel impelled to say serves always to remind us how far we have come since they said it first.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: You can't buy fresh orange juice in the Florida Building at the Fair.

The charter of Purdue University stipulates that there be on the Board of Regents "one farmer, one woman, and one person of good moral character."

Desert

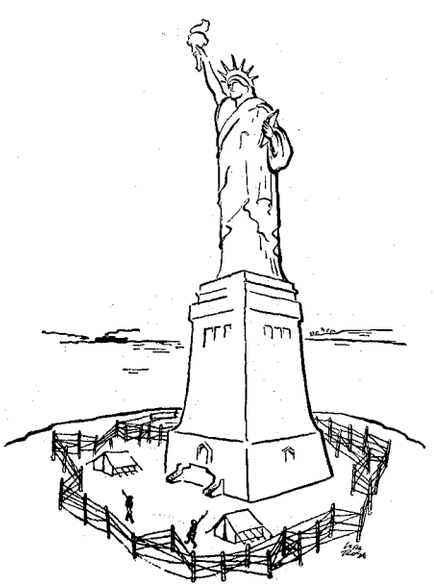
LAST week our Mr. Stanley took the bus to the Newark Airport—no more whizzing out in cars supplied by the big airlines—to see what the place looked like since LaGuardia Field took all its business away. He had arranged for a guide to be supplied by the Public Relations Department of Newark, and was taken in tow by a publicity man named Mr. Ginsberg. Mr. Ginsberg, like everybody else in Newark, was furious at Mayor LaGuardia. "He may be a good mayor for you people, but when it came to this airport he cared nothing about justice for Newark," he remarked. He also told Stanley, very sadly, that business had steadily built up, since the airport was opened in 1929, until, not long before the end, there were an average of two hundred and forty-six scheduled arrivals and departures a day. Only sixteen deaths, too, and those came early in the first year, most of them when a sightseeing plane hit a freight car. Mr. Ginsberg pointed out that the marshlands surrounding the Newark Airport are a safety factor. If a pilot overshot a runway, he could "pancake down" in the swamp, and nobody would be hurt. "Overshoot at LaGuardia Field, and you'll crack up against a house," he said disparagingly.

Stanley noticed that the small brick building marked "Newark Air Mail Postoffice" was open, but Ginsberg said that there was nobody inside except a meteorologist attached to the United States Weather Bureau Station, which occupies the second floor. No more air mail out of Newark. The hangars formerly occupied by Eastern Air Lines, American Air Lines, United Air Lines, and Transcontinental & Western Air were closed and empty; barn swallows were flitting in and out of an open window high up in the United hangar, averaging two hundred and forty-six arrivals and departures an hour. Weeds were beginning to sprout dismally from the landing surface. Ignoring (for obvious reasons) a sign that said "Danger —Do Not Cross Runways," Stanley and Ginsberg crossed the field to the Administration Building. The control tower was empty, its shades drawn, but inside the building was activity of a sort —city employees engaged in repair work authorized before the airport was closed, and employees of the Newark Air Service Company, which operates sightseeing and charter flights from one of the hangars. In all the time Stanley was at the airport—an hour and a half —not one plane took off or landed, though a National Guard training ship did taxi down a runway and drop off to sleep.

There has been talk of reopening the airport, on a limited basis, this September. However, Ginsberg told Stanley this won't be done unless sixty arrivals and departures a day are guaranteed. "Mayor Ellenstein isn't going to reopen this great field if it's just to be a whistle stop on the Erie," he said.

In the Black

A SOBER-LOOKING, shabbily dressed man got into an uptown I.R.T. train during the morning rush hour, and, cap in hand, went the length of the car seeking donations. He got three. Then he stood in one of the vestibules —where, as it happened, one of our spies was also standing—took from his pocket a notebook and pencil, and made the following entry: "14th St. (I.R.T.) 3 handouts @ $0.05 . . . $0.15."



First Lady's Protégées

MRS. ROOSEVELT'S favorite dessert is lemon meringue pie. We learned this from Mrs. Antoinette Cowen, a forceful, motherly lady who frequently cooks five or six complete meals and sends them by taxi to Mrs. Roosevelt when she is entertaining at the Greenwich Village apartment she shares with her secretary, Miss Malvina Thompson. "She sometimes has lemon pie twice a week," we were told by Mrs. Cowen, who owes much of her success to Mrs. Roosevelt. Thrown out of a job when a mimeograph-machine outfit she worked for folded three years ago, Mrs. Cowen, an old hand at making cookies, began getting orders for them from friends. She soon branched out into gingerbread, doughnuts, and English muffins. Mrs. Roosevelt came into her life last year when a friend who knows the Roosevelts suggested that she write the First Lady, telling about her cookies. Not long thereafter, Mrs. Roosevelt appeared at her apartment at 333 East Fifty-third Street. Mrs. Cowen remembers the date clearly—February 23rd —and the first thing Mrs. Roosevelt said on walking into the kitchen: "My, what delicious odors!" She ordered some doughnuts and gingerbread, and later lent Mrs. Cowen, who had been operating on a rather cookie-to-mouth basis, some money for tables, cupboards, and pans. Mrs. Cowen is paying this back in small monthly checks, and told us that although she has been late once or twice she has never been dunned. She sends poundcake and cookies regularly to the White House and Hyde Park, and has had one or two special assignments, such as cooking the doughnuts, Boston brown bread, cookies, and gingerbread that were served at the picnic for the King and Queen of England. Her bill for this occasion came to twenty-five dollars. To get everything delivered fresh, she baked and bustled from 6:30 Saturday A.M. till 7:30 Sunday A.M., shipping her products on Sunday at 8 A.M. to Hyde Park. "Oh, it was an awful lot," she said, "but through that I appeared several times on the air for Crisco." She fries her doughnuts in Crisco but uses butter for cookies.

Mrs. Roosevelt's financial assistance and patronage have helped Mrs. C. to expand to the point where she has four hundred and thirty-seven regular customers, including people in the Sherry-Netherland and the Ritz and on up-

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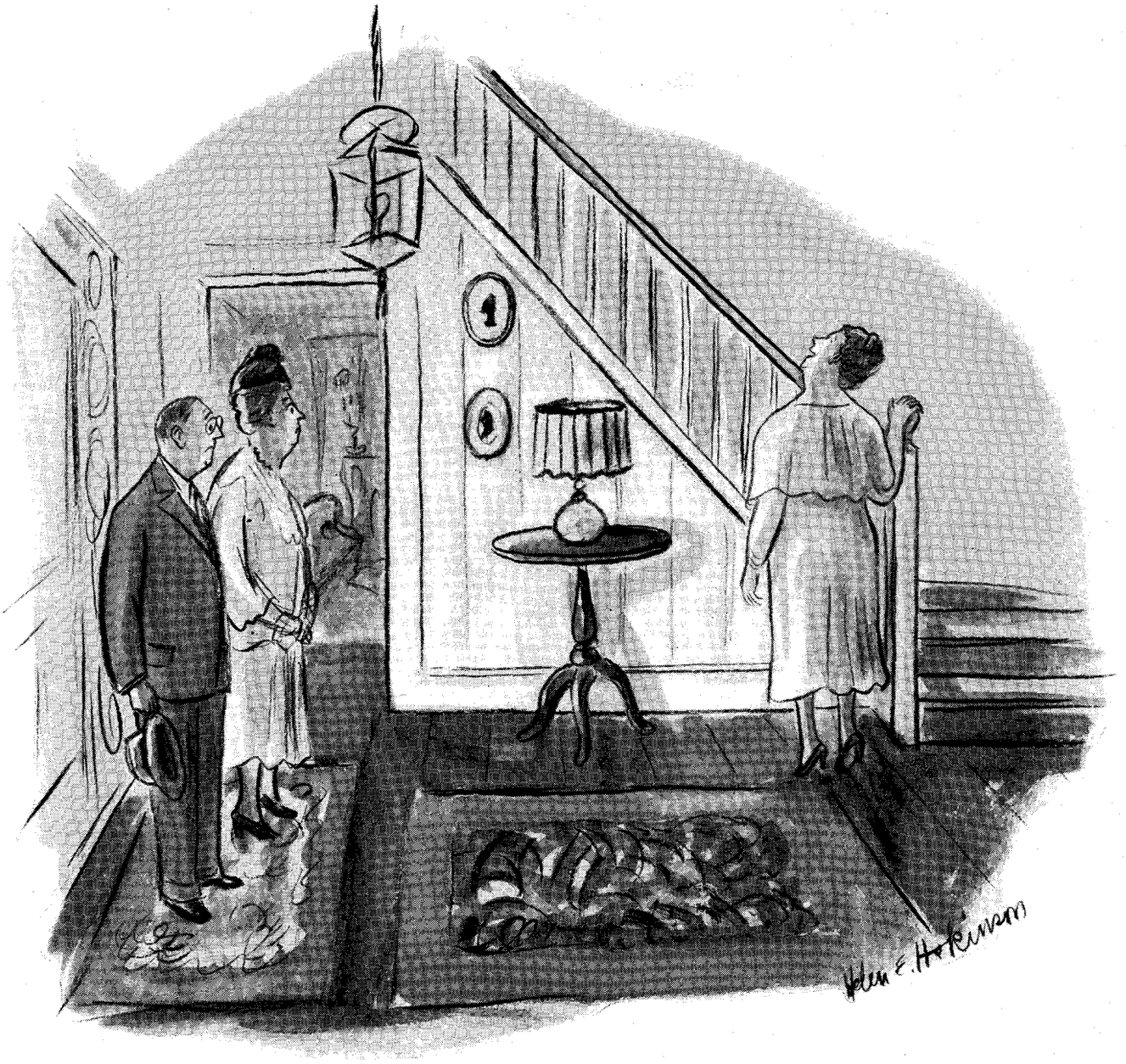

"Oh, George! Remember the very jolly couple we met at the Futurama?"

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per Fifth Avenue. It was also Mrs. R.'s aid and inspiration that got Mrs. C. into meat loaves, stuffed roast chickens, pies, etc. A number of people in good residential districts depend on her for this sort of thing on Cook's night out. Mrs. C. keeps in touch with Mrs. R. by mail, telling her how she is getting along and why she doesn't like to make *too* many cookies. "The cookie is a terrible lot of work for what you get out of it," she says. "Thirty-five cents a dozen."

We got on the track of Mrs. Cowen through Miss Thompson, from whom we sought information on the people Mrs. R. has been setting up lately, or helping, in small businesses. Although there are plenty such persons around the country, we regret to say that Mrs. Cowen is about the only satisfactory example of Eleanor Roosevelt-backed business in Manhattan. Miss Lucile Fellowes, 231 Thompson Street, to whom Miss T. also referred us, is listed in the phone book with "candies" after her name, but the number has been discontinued. The only other New York name Miss Thompson gave us was that of Mrs. Helen M. Parsons MacDonald, 140 East Twenty-second Street, whom Mrs. R. commissioned to paint a screen she gave the President for Christmas. We called on Mrs. MacDonald, a handsome, white-haired lady in a smock, and feel constrained to report that although she seemed in excellent spirits, she has sold only one screen since. Mrs. R.'s screen, she told us, has four panels, showing the Hudson around Anthony's Nose, and Mr. Roosevelt liked it enough to put it in his study in the White House. Mrs. Parsons, who has painted as a hobby all her life, is now executing a bathroom mural for someone in town, and thinks she got the job indirectly through Mrs. R.'s purchase of the screen, one thing leading to another. As we left, Mrs. MacDonald waved a letter at us on which "The White House" was engraved in gold letters. "Gold letters mean Mrs. Roosevelt has typed it herself," she said.

Cadets

WE'VE just been told about a tenant of the Empire State Building who was somewhat puzzled, on flagging a southbound elevator, to find it occupied by four uniformed elevator

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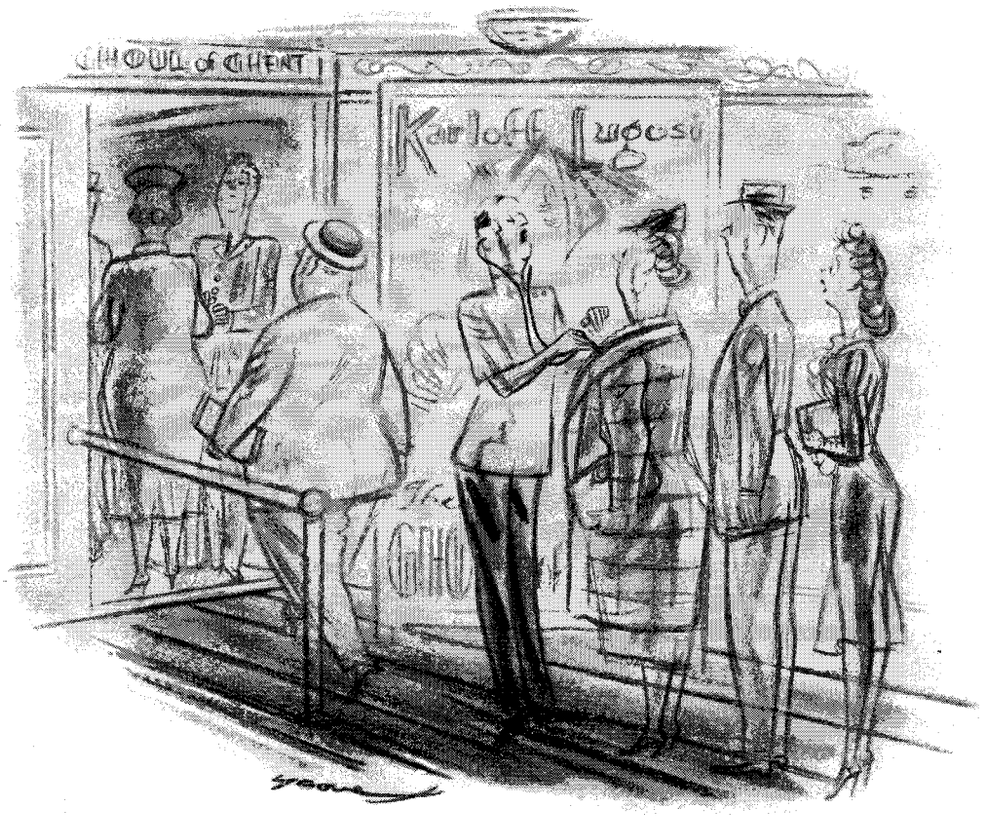

"A special precaution of the management, Madame. It's the most sensational thriller of the year."

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men, one at the controls and the others standing behind him with folded arms. He questioned the starter when he reached the ground floor. "Training trip," the starter explained. "Tomorrow they go up alone."

Stuff and Guff

A PLEASANT civic project is going forward in Herald Square. Commissioner Moses, backed by a $10,000 fund raised by neighboring businessmen, has set about restoring the park there; sometime near Thanksgiving, if all goes well, the famous Minerva clock that used to adorn the Herald Building will be set up in the square, in a forty-foot granite monument designed by Aymar Embury II, the Parks Department's consulting architect. This Minerva clock will be remembered by our mature readers as a bronze group that included (besides the clock) two owls, a heroic statue of Minerva, and two little men who struck the hours with blacksmith's hammers. Some breezy journalist in square-toed shoes and a stiff collar named them Stuff and Guff, and the names have stuck, though the group has been out of the public view for nineteen years.

James Gordon Bennett, Jr., the eccentric editor of the *Herald*, was crazy about owls—had stuffed owls all over the place. Well, in 1894, at the height of his career, he commissioned Antonin Jean Carles, a French sculptor, to design him a clock, with owls. The group was executed in France, shipped to this country, and installed on the façade of the Herald Building, at a cost of $200,000. The *Herald*, flushed with pride, wrote about the opening ceremonies with a real Bennett, Jr., flourish: "Boom! Boom! rang out at noon. It was a deep musical note. With infinite grace, with the majesty of conscious strength, as though it were a living breathing man having the power of a great athlete, the right hand figure swung its ponderous hammer . . . with the same ease, with the same athletic grace, the workman on the left swung his great hammer . . . there arose into the clear, blue sky what was in contrast a tenor note," etc., etc. So you see what you have to look forward to in November.

Well, Stuff and Guff swung their hammers with the majesty of conscious strength for the next twenty-six years, during which time they became the property of Frank Munsey. Then they were removed from the building and dropped out of sight from 1921 to 1928, when they bobbed up in a tar-papered shed on the N.Y.U. campus, officially a part of the James Arthur collection of timepieces, though they were never actually placed on exhibition. About what happened between 1921 and 1928, your guess is as good as ours. The clock was presented to N.Y.U. by Mr. William T. Dewart, the present publisher of the *Sun*. Mr. Dewart bought the *Sun* from the Munsey estate, so it's a fair deduction that he bought the clock at the same time. As to the present status of Stuff and Guff, they're still the property of N.Y.U., on permanent loan to the Parks Department.

We dropped over to the bronze works of E. Gargani, in Brooklyn, where the figures are now being repaired and refinished. Minerva, who turned out to weigh 4,500 pounds, is getting a scrubbing with ammonia and sulphuric acid, and will be given a golden finish. Stuff and Guff, each of whom weighed in at 1,200 pounds, are undergoing mechanical repairs. Purely by the way, one of them has a mustache, but we can't tell you which; the distinction seems to have been lost, if it ever existed. We asked Mr. Gargani if he knew of any pet name for Minerva, but he said, "Nope, everybody just calls her Minoiva."

Revenge

THE other day a distinguished old gentleman was standing on the curb on upper Fifth Avenue, waiting for the lights to change. When he got the green light, he stepped out into the street, only to jump back in alarm as a taxicab came whizzing up in the inside lane. It stopped, with a squeal of brakes, right on the line (they always do) and the driver sat grinning at the old gentleman. The old gentleman smiled back, stepped in front of the cab, and wrenched both headlights out of line. Then he marched across the street, looking more distinguished than ever.

Tovarisch Dep't.

THIS is by way of backing up our already firm reputation for veracity. Couple of months ago, you may remember, we told how, during the run of "Ninotchka" at the Sixty-eighth Street Playhouse, a foreign-sounding man and woman, arriving too late in the evening for the last showing of the film, persuaded the management to run it off again. The man, we said, explained that he was leaving town the next day, and was very anxious to see "Ninotchka"—so anxious, in fact, that he didn't even

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quiver when he was told that the charge would be sixty dollars. He handed over ten dollars in cash, and a fifty-dollar travellers' check signed with an illegible last name and a first name that looked like Anistase. After sitting through "Ninotchka," he departed with thanks but no explanations.

The explanation came to light just recently, when a friend of ours told us to get in touch with Alexandre Barmine, an ex-member of the Russian Communist Party who, we were told, has held various positions of responsibility under the Soviet regime—Brigadier General in the Red Army, Chief of the Russian Foreign Trade Office in Paris, and chargé d'affaires in the Russian Legation at Athens—but got discouraged when most of his friends were killed during the 1937 purges. He's now writing his memoirs, and his wife, a Greek girl, is an associate in the architectural office of William Huntington, at 599 Fifth Avenue. We met Barmine there, by appointment, and found him all of a broad grin; he thought he knew who the mysterious stranger was, all right. "I am nine hundred and ninety-nine per cent certain," he told us, with Russian expansiveness. "The coincidence is too miraculous to be a coincidence."

Barmine's reasoning starts with that first name, which looked like Anistase. Now, there's no such name in Russian, but there *is* such a name as Anastase. It's uncommon, though—"In all Russia, not one man in ten billion is named Anastase," Barmine said. That's what made him so certain that it was his old pal, Anastase Mikoyan, who has since 1938 held the posts of Vice Chairman of the Council of the People's Commissariats and Foreign Trade Commissar. Nothing is more likely than that Mikoyan, in the latter capacity, might have come here incognito, and it's a dead certainty that, if he were here, he'd have wanted to see "Ninotchka." Stalin is curious about other countries' reactions to Russia, and besides he's a rabid movie fan. Barmine, having seen "Ninotchka" himself, told us that Mikoyan very likely reported to the boss that it was too flip for public consumption, though accurate enough in its description of life in Moscow. This whole story is something that should properly have been reported by the *Daily Worker*, not us. What's the matter, pals—cat got your pipe line?

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MENTION of Russians travelling incognito reminds us of the stupendously quaint fact that American Communists, whenever it is necessary to give a false name—or, to use the Party terminology, a revolutionary name—usually choose to call themselves Nicholas Dozenberg. If you followed the trial of Earl Browder, you'll remember that the State brought out the fact that he had secured passports under the revolutionary names of George Morris, Albert Henry Richards, and Nicholas Dozenberg. There's practically no American Communist hero who hasn't at some time travelled or been thrown in jail as Nicholas Dozenberg. There actually is such a person as Nicholas Dozenberg, too; he's serving a sentence of a year and a day in the federal pen, for using a false name on passports. He got off because he turned State's evidence against Browder. He was at one time a well-known Red Army spy, and helped organize the Party in this country. Dozenberg is (or was, before he ratted on Browder) a hero of the American Communists, and using his name as an alias is (or was) a way of doing him honor. His revolutionary name is Dallant. Naturally, he couldn't hope to fool anyone by calling himself Nicholas Dozenberg. Complicated, isn't it?

Dialect

A LADY in South Bend was visited for a few days by a New York lady. The South Bend lady's colored maid was terribly distressed when the New York lady left. "Ah just *loved* to listen to her Eastern drool," she said.

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THERE'S ALWAYS HONOLULU

ON a hot night like this, the only place where you could hope to catch a breeze was on the roof, but Martin Beckett, knowing that Marion would be there, was too proud and hurt to go up. He couldn't bring himself to leave his room, and lay on the bed with his clothes on. When he remembered, when he felt angry and sore, his eyes were open, but most of the time he kept his eyes closed and just made up dreams in his head. He saw himself standing at the rail of an ocean liner with his topcoat collar turned up as he watched the boiling seas, or else he was standing in the hot sun of some port, say, in Puerto Rico; and in both of these pictures he was no longer short and stocky but tall, handsome, slender, wearing expensive, well-fitting clothes. And the lines of his jaws were fixed, for if he was sad, he was also resolute and wise.

His neck began to itch from the heat. His hair felt thick and heavy and the bed grew so warm under him that he had to sit up. He was hot and uncomfortable and the roof was common property, so finally he decided to go up anyhow. But first he washed his face, slicked his hair down, put on a tie, and even slipped into his jacket.

Marion was by the parapet, over at one side of the roof. She was looking down at the street, so her face was rosy with the light from the red neon signs below. Martin stopped as soon as he saw her. He didn't want to go near her, but old Mr. Pavel, who always seemed to be up there in his beach chair, promptly called out "Hello!" The hello was more a sarcasm than a greeting. Mr. Pavel held his watch in his hand. "You're late," he said. "You know, it's not nice to keep a lady waiting."

Martin wouldn't answer, but now he felt he had to go up to Marion. He stood stiffly before her, his hands hanging at his sides. He didn't look straight at her.

"I realize," he said, "I realize my presence must be pretty obnoxious to you, but it would look strange in the eyes of Mr. Pavel if we both happened to be on the roof and didn't speak to each other. So, for the sake of appearances, solely on that account and the heat, I must burden you with my presence here tonight."

Marion was looking at him. "What?" she said. "Obnoxious? Say, Marty, what's got into you tonight?"

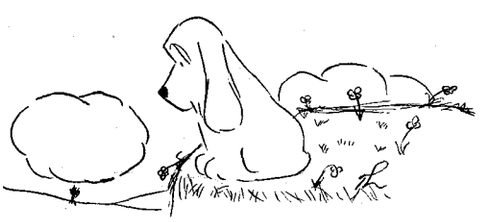
"Nothing's got into me, as you put it. Nothing but an item of information which was very surprising, to say the least. I was informed by Helen and Claire—mind you, the girls informed me; you yourself apparently lacked the courage—I was informed you're leaving tomorrow morning for the coast of Maine, a fact which I may be pardoned for deeming quite ironic."

"Oh, that," Marion said, and looked away.

"Yes, that," he said. "Precisely. I thought it was explicitly understood that you were going on the bike ride to Long Beach with the group this weekend. I was laboring under the ridiculous illusion that you would be my partner on this ride as well as on other occasions during your vacation. I say 'illusion,' but I had been given sufficient reason in the past, so it seemed to me, not to consider it such a great illusion."

He had to stop. Three or four kids had banged out of the roof door and began swooping around, blowing on kazoos as they ran. Martin waited, rigid and tense, until the kids finally scrambled over to the other side of the roof and the racket quieted down.

"To say nothing of a certain Mr. Ralph Charney," he continued, "a Mr. Charney, whom we are given very fully to understand owns a twelve-cylinder car, a specially built speedboat, perhaps a yacht, too, who knows? Of course, I can offer very little compared to this Mr. Charney, with his yachts and his estates on the coast of Maine. An evening with Mr. Charney, no doubt, hardly resembles an evening with me when I take you out to Walters Record Shop and escort you into one of the small booths in the back so we can be alone together and listen to the music gratis even if we have to worry about Walters coming in and talking too pointedly about buying a record. No," he said, "I greatly fear I am not a Mr. Charney. Of course, I have been aware of your tendencies towards the so-called illusions of grandeur, but it always seemed to me that deep down you were sensible enough to take a realistic point of view. I believed it mattered sufficiently to you that my interest in you was sincere—that I really cared. I regret to discover at this late date in our lives that I was in serious error in the matter."



He paused, but she still didn't speak. He steadily kept his gaze a good ten inches to the right of her, but he could see her eyelashes and the outline of her face against the pink light. Martin understood that she didn't have the nerve to say anything, but it brought him no sense of satisfaction. He was miserable, because the whole trouble was she was so beautiful and he knew he liked her very much no matter how angry he was with her.

"I deem it very significant to note your present silence," he began, but he had to stop again. This time it was Mr. Pavel, half naked before them in his undershirt. He was still holding his watch in his hand.

"Hey, Marty, what's the matter tonight?" he said.

Martin wouldn't answer, waiting stiffly for him to leave. Mr. Pavel took his time as he cleaned his ear out with his finger.

"I don't understand the younger generation," the old man said. "Why don't you take her to a picture show, to a dance, or to the World's Fair? In my days a young, attractive couple didn't hang around the house all night."

"Pardon me," Martin said. "I'll appreciate it if you dispense with the lecture. I believe I was engaged in a private conversation."

Mr. Pavel stared at him. "So?" he said. "Well, pardon *me!*" He started to walk away, offended, but he still held the watch in his hand. A few moments later they could hear his beach chair creak under his weight, and then his voice came booming boldly out into the night.

"By my solid-gold watch," he said, "it is now exactly eight-twenty-seven." Then silence, except for the kids whooping and playing their kazoos across the roof.

"LISTEN, Marty," Marion said. "Don't lose your temper so quick. After all, you've got no mortgage on me. After all, I'm still perfectly independent and unattached."

"Oh, yes, indeed!" he said. "I certainly see that now. Even a dense lummox like me can finally take a hint!"

"I'm not calling you a lummox, but after all, weren't you being just a little previous? I don't as yet think in terms of permanent understandings. After all, Marty, be reasonable. We're both still practically infants—"

"Please don't confuse the issue," he

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"I suppose that some of these attachments eventually ripen into lasting friendships."

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said. "We are not exactly infants. When a person passes the age of twenty, he ceases to be an infant. No formal declaration was made and no formal declaration was necessary, but the understanding between us was explicit enough. It did not have to be expressly stated out in words or in a legal contract."

"Mr. Marty Beckett waxes wroth," she said. "Mr. Marty Beckett waxes wroth and ireful."

Martin opened his mouth to go on, but just then Mr. Pavel boomed out again. "By my solid-gold watch," said the old man's impatient voice, "it is now eight-thirty!"

"I wish to thank you," Marty told her when Mr. Pavel was silent again. "I want to go on record as being very grateful to you for clarifying up the atmosphere. When I kept on working at my shipping-clerk job, when I didn't object to being confined to this house and to Brooklyn, I did so deliberately,

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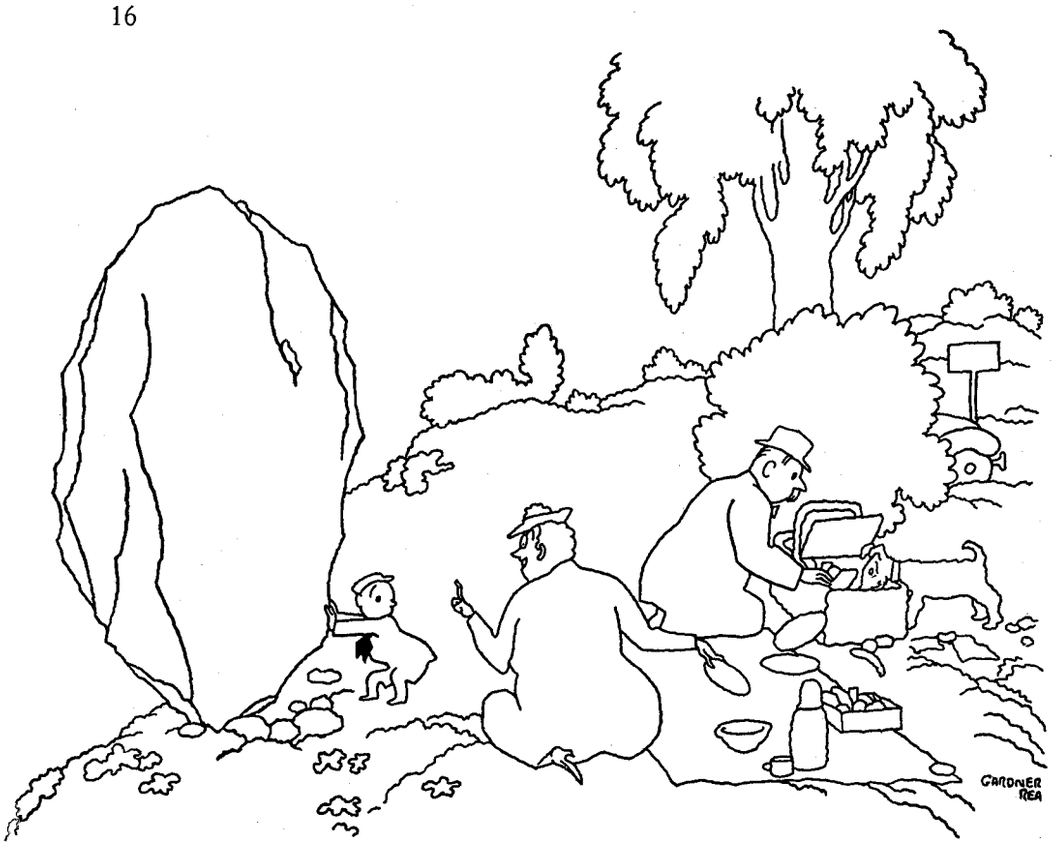

"No, no, Junior!"

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with certain very definite ends in view. I never regretted those sacrifices, because the future seemed well to warrant them. But now I realize I have no ties. I have no responsibilities to hold me down. I'm free. Or, as you so quaintly put it, I, too, am independent and unattached!"

He didn't stop even though he noticed the kids had come swooping back and were blowing their kazoos straight at the two of them. He was angry, and he also felt helpless and wretched, because at the very moment that he was saying those bitter words to her he wanted everything between them to be all right, to be like old times. He was practically hollering at her, he knew, but he really didn't feel like hollering. It was all he could do to resist the strong impulse he had to take her in his arms, to press her tight, to kiss her.

"I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart," he said, his voice becoming louder. "You've brought me to the happy realization that the Borough of Brooklyn does not constitute the whole of geography. There is Tahiti—did you know that? There's Alaska and Peru. There's Costa Rica, the South Sea Isles, and Honolulu. The entire universe once again lies spread out before me!"

The kids had formed a circle around them and were solemnly playing a jazz tune on their kazoos. Martin looked around at them and then he suddenly reached down and grasped Marion by the wrists.

"If this is our last night together," he said, "then let us be gay. If we had champagne, pink champagne, we could drink to our shattered romance, so instead shall we dance? Shall we?" he cried. He pulled her to him and now at last he was able to hold her close and feel her warmth against him. The kids played and they danced.

Mr. Pavel saw them and began soberly clapping his hands in time to the music.

"Now, that's better!" he called out. "That's the ticket. Sure, enjoy yourself. Dance! Dance!" he said, and went on clapping.

MARTIN swung her away from Mr. Pavel and from the kids. She was shaking in his arms and at first he thought she was laughing at him, so he swirled her around and around more energetically than ever. Then it occurred to him that she was crying. He stopped and waited silently in the darkness. He couldn't understand it.

"Marty, you're a dope," she finally said, still sobbing. "Marty, you're a dumb dope with no sense."

"Yes?" he said.

"I'll see the coast of Maine when you see Honolulu, and it won't be very soon. And don't worry so much about Mr. Charney. He only works in the office. He's old, he's thirty-seven, maybe forty, and he never looks at me."

"Yes?" Marty said again. He felt foolish and guilty.

"It was all a story just for Helen and Claire. It was just for an impression—you didn't have to be so gullible. I'm only going to Rockaway tomorrow. My married sister's got a bungalow and my mother's making me go out there and help her with the kids. So I said I was going to Maine. So I said Ralph Charney. So what? It wasn't such a terrible crime." She stopped talking. While Marty looked down at his shoes, she sniffled and wiped her eyes with her handkerchief.

"I'm sorry," he said. "Marion, I'm sorry to have made you feel bad."

"It's all right," she said, turning calm again.

"Naturally, I thought everything between us was quits. Naturally, I thought this was our last night together, so I got a little sore and lost control—"

"All right," she said. "Come. If it's our last night together, then let's go out. Let's go to Walters and listen to the records and be alone."

He hadn't finished apologizing, but he decided to let it go. "All right," he said, and they started for the roof door.

"Oh, boy!" said Mr. Pavel from his beach chair as they passed him. "The cycle of life, it repeats itself."

"What?" Marty asked him.

"Nothing." In his placid, tired way the old man seemed pleased at last. "Only, here right in front of my eyes I watch two kids. They play around. They grow up. Suddenly they're mature adults and they blossom out into a full-fledged love affair. You can't change human nature, of course, but every time it happens I like to look on and watch it. It's beautiful, I suppose."

—DANIEL FUCHS

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THE MOST OUTRAGEOUS CONSEQUENCES

MR. DEVORE almost never lost a client except through the regrettable but inescapable eventuality—in his own restful phrase—of death. It was unthinkable that he should lose the Wolverine Commercial Car Corporation, which presumably wasn't susceptible to death and whose affairs at the New York end were as profitable to the law firm of Forbes, Hathaway, Bryan & Devore as those of any business they looked after. And yet this very catastrophe, Mr. Devore told himself, might occur if he continued to suffer reversals in court, as he had been doing lately. Suppose this latest difficulty, Drucker vs. Wolverine Comm. Car Corp., a rather minor case in its own way, proved to be the breaking point? Mr. Devore, who was about to go over and have a scheduled talk with Mr. Hibben, Wolverine's vice-president in charge of the New York office, was thoroughly downcast. There could be no doubt that Drucker, a taxi-driver who had been driving a Wolverine-built cab for the Sun-Lite system at the time of his accident, had a legal precedent for action. In the State of New York, at least. It was really a horrible precedent, handed down by a judge for whom Mr. Devore entertained bitter loathing, but in Mr. Hibben's eyes this would not excuse defeat, as Mr. Devore knew very well.

Perhaps what grieved the old lawyer most was that his sympathies were with Wolverine, for basically there was something about a Comm. Car Corp. that appealed to him. He loved Wolverine. Nor was his devotion altogether that of a pensioner; he felt toward Wolverine much as a dog might feel toward a lifelong, if at times unreasonable, master. Mr. Devore put on his derby, selected Ames and Smith's "Law of Torts" from his bookcase, and gloomily started for the Wolverine offices. His first job, clearly, was to mollify Mr. Hibben, if such a thing could be accomplished.

Mr. Hibben greeted him with the barest civility and at once asked the question that Mr. Devore least wanted to hear.

"Well, what chance have we got?"

Before replying, Mr. Devore seated himself very solemnly, although the vice-president had not suggested that he do so, placed the tort collection on the desk in an impressively deliberate manner, and tried to look as much as possible like Mr. Chief Justice Hughes on a Monday afternoon.

"The first thing we must consider," he said slowly, caressing the torts as if to put himself under the protection of all the great adjudicators of the past, "is the historic attitude of the courts toward liability."

Mr. Hibben failed to assume the attentive expression of one about to enjoy a scholarly excursion into legal history. "That's not answering my question," he said.

Recklessly, Mr. Devore evaded the issue. "When a somewhat similar case was decided in the Court of the Exchequer in 1842, our American courts lost no time in adopting the decision as a precedent for this country. I'm happy to say that it was a complete and triumphant vindication of the defendant."

"And you say America adopted the same law intact?" Mr. Hibben asked eagerly.

"America accepted the precedent," Mr. Devore acknowledged, wondering how on earth to proceed from this point. It had perhaps been bad strategy to appease Mr. Hibben at the very beginning. The vice-president was nodding with satisfaction and saying, "Fine! Good thing Americans knew enough to tell right from wrong in those days. They don't seem to any more." If Mr. Hibben would only refrain from asking whether the precedent had ever been set aside!

"Is this law still O.K.?" Mr. Hibben asked. "You're sure the judges all know about it?"

"Oh, yes, they all know about it," said Mr. Devore soothingly and with perfect truth. "The case that set the precedent was really very much like the Drucker affair. I'd like to tell you about it."

Mr. Hibben now seemed more disposed toward a little excursion into the annals of the Court of the Exchequer. He offered his counsellor a cigar.

"It involved a chattel-maker's liability, or to be more exact, a chattel *vendor's* liability, to a third person," said Mr. Devore, making a heroic effort to be elementary. "The defendant Wright had contracted to supply mailcoaches to the Postmaster General, who had in turn contracted with a man named Atkinson and his business associates for a regular supply of horses and coachmen. Atkinson engaged the plaintiff Winterbottom to drive a coach between Hartford and Holyhead. In other words, A contracted with B, who contracted with C, who contracted with D. One day, most unfortunately, Winterbottom's mailcoach broke down because of a latent defect in its manufacture and he became lamed for life. Seeking damages, D sued not C, his employer, nor B, the Postmaster General, but the original A, with whom D had entered into no contract of any sort whatever."

After digesting these complications,

"How can I let him have it when I ain't got it?"

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Mr. Hibben said, "If D was hired by C, I think C was the one D should have picked to sue."

Mr. Devore agreed that this would have been a more usual procedure, but added that A was probably a wealthier firm and therefore a more tempting victim against whom to secure a judgment. The analogy was at once apparent to Mr. Hibben, who grunted in a shocked manner. Matters were progressing smoothly at the moment, but it meant only temporary relief for Mr. Devore. Nevertheless, he opened his Ames and Smith with convincing equanimity and turned to "Winterbottom v. Wright."

"I'm sure you'll agree with me that Lord Abinger, the Chief Baron, expressed the whole issue very satisfactorily when he said, 'If the plaintiff can sue, every passenger, or even every person passing along the road, who was injured by the upsetting of the coach, might bring similar action. Unless we confine the operations of such contracts as this to the parties who entered into them, the most absurd and outrageous consequences, to which I can see no limit, would ensue.' "

"Exactly!" said Mr. Hibben. "That's almost word for word what I told our legal adviser in Flint when I talked to him on the phone several days ago. It looks as if you've found a loophole all right, Devore." Mr. Hibben beamed at him. "I've always *said* it wouldn't pay Wolverine to maintain a full-sized legal department when we've got Forbes, Hathaway to take care of us. Frankly, Devore, the fellows out in Flint have been a little disappointed with your work lately, but they'll be tickled to death about *this*."

Mr. Devore tried to smile but wasn't quite able to manage it. Something told him that the fellows in Flint weren't going to do any elaborate rejoicing. And if Wolverine were suddenly to install a full-sized legal department, what would happen to Forbes, Hathaway, Bryan & Devore? What, especially, would happen to Devore?

"I certainly like what he says about confining the operations of such contracts," said Mr. Hibben. "Let's hear that part again."

" 'Unless we confine the operations of such contracts to the parties who entered into them'?"

"That's it!" Mr. Hibben said. "That's telling 'em! Why, we never had any dealings at all with Drucker. What we did was sell a cab to the Sun-Lite people, and Drucker was hired by Sun-Lite. Furthermore, it was a defective steering column that broke, and we don't even make steering columns. We buy them from Collins & Kemper!"

His exuberance was a terrible spectacle to Mr. Devore, who didn't quite know how to cut it short.

"Every passer-by," Mr. Hibben said, "every Tom, Dick, and Harry under the sun would start suing. They'd say they were suffering from mental shock or something as a result of being on the scene when the accident happened. Who is this man Abinger, anyway? I'd like to meet him."

"You're forgetting when the case was decided," Mr. Devore reminded him gently. "It was decided back in 1842."

HE turned to another section of his Ames and Smith and, marshalling such courage as he had left, prepared to explain why Wolverine, and not Sun-Lite, would be required by law to yield to the plaintiff.

"In recent years," he began, "the most malign forces imaginable have been at work in this country. They have penetrated our government and—much as I dislike confessing the fact—our bar and our bench as well."

A look of surprise crossed Mr. Hibben's face. "You don't have to tell me that!" he snapped.

The unhappy counsellor not only had to tell him but had to tell him without any further postponement.

"You'd be amazed at something that happened once in the Court of Appeals right here in New York," Mr. Devore said lightly. "It was the really unusual case of MacPherson versus the Buick Motor Company—I mean the old Buick company, not the General Motors subsidiary. What happened was that the manufacturer sold one of its cars to a retail dealer, who in turn sold it to this man MacPherson. While MacPherson was driving the car, one of the wheels suddenly collapsed. He was thrown out and injured. The wheel had been made of faulty wood. The wheel wasn't made by Buick; it was bought from another manufacturer, just as you buy your steering columns from Collins & Kemper. The Court decided there was evidence, however, that the defects could have been discovered by reasonable inspection, and that inspection was omitted."

"Certainly inspection was omitted," said Mr. Hibben. "They probably bought their wheels from a reputable firm, and they certainly couldn't go around inspecting hundreds of thousands of wheels just on the chance that maybe they'd find one that wasn't exactly uniform. Why, in our case the steering column on Drucker's cab was the first defective column we'd ever heard about."

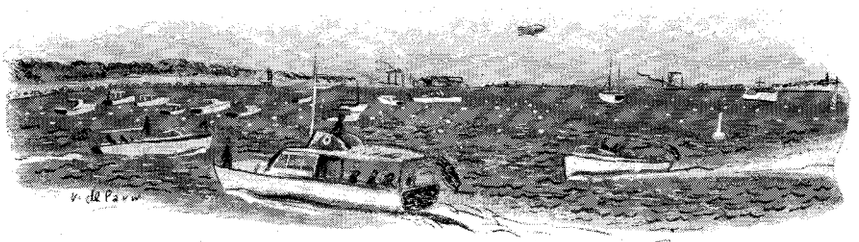
"I rather imagined that you'd see a similarity between MacPherson versus Buick and the Drucker case."

"Of course I see a similarity," said Mr. Hibben.

Mr. Devore took a deep breath and jumped into the flames.

"I think you'll be interested in hearing what one of the judges said about it." The vice-president nodded, evidently retaining great faith in the book from which Mr. Devore had produced the fascinating mailcoach decision. "The judge held that 'if the nature of a thing is such that it is reasonably certain to place life and limb in peril when negligently made, it is then a thing of danger. Its nature gives warning of the consequences to be expected. If to the element of danger there is added knowledge that the thing will be used by persons other than the purchaser, and used without new tests, then, irrespective of contract, the manufacturer of this thing of danger is under a duty to make it carefully.' " He coughed nervously as he neared the most disagreeable part of the whole wretched decision. " 'We are dealing now with the manufacturer of the finished product, who puts it on the market to be used without inspection by his customers. If he is negligent where danger is to be foreseen, a liability will follow.' "

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Hibben. "That line about 'the manufacturer of the finished product' would apply to Collins & Kemper. Drucker could sue



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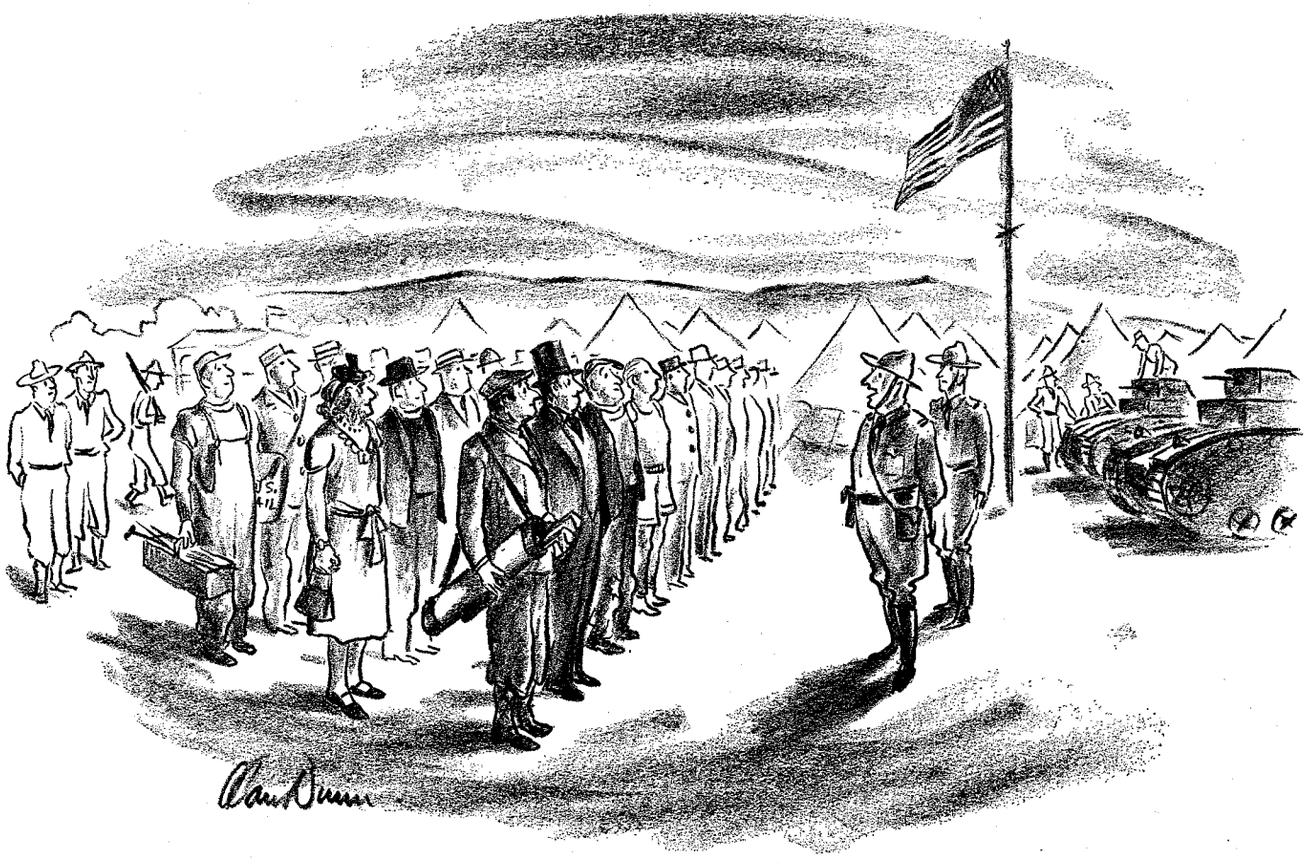

"Now you Fifth Column men will take the next bus for Watertown and mingle with the people until the Blue Army gets there."

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them if he wanted to. Why don't you write him a letter and tell him about it?"

Mr. Devore shook his head and went on hastily. " 'We think the defendant was not absolved from a duty of inspection because it bought the wheels from a reputable manufacturer.' " Here Mr. Hibben opened his mouth in horrified astonishment but made no comment. " 'It was not merely a dealer in automobiles. It was a manufacturer of automobiles. It was responsible for the finished product. It was not at liberty to put the finished product on the market without subjecting the component parts to ordinary and simple tests.' "

"You mean to say he's blaming the automobile manufacturers even though it was someone else who made the defective wheel?" asked Mr. Hibben. "You mean they'd be just as likely to blame *us*?"

But Mr. Devore, now that his great step had been taken, was unable to stop reading. " 'The defendant knew the danger. It knew also that the car would be used by persons other than the buyer.' "

"Why, it might be a *child* talking," Mr. Hibben gasped.

" 'Precedents drawn from the days of travel by stagecoach do not fit the conditions of travel today,' " Mr. Devore quoted, reading as quickly as possible. " 'The principle that the danger must be imminent does not change, but the things subject to the principle do change. They are whatever the needs of life in a developing civilization require them to be.' " He closed the book with an abrupt gesture. His own patience had worn quite as thin as the vice-president's.

THERE was a long silence before Mr. Hibben said wearily, "Where did you say this terrible thing happened? Here in New York?"

"Yes. In 1916."

"Couldn't we take it to the Supreme Court? They may have *some* sense of honor and decency left."

Mr. Devore lighted one of his own cigars and closed his eyes. "That opinion was written by Benjamin Cardozo, who later sat on the Supreme Court himself. No court in the United States would reverse a Cardozo ruling, even if it wanted to. Not in times like these."

"I see what you mean," murmured the vice-president. "Good God!" There was infinite worry in the way he spoke the words.

"Well, there you are, Hibben," said Mr. Devore presently. He waited for the storm to break. And then, even as he waited, the realization came to him that everything was going to be all right. It had been Cardozo, and not he, who had jumped into the flames. If Mr. Hibben entertained any feeling toward him, it was the sympathetic feeling that the same malign forces were in league against them both. Wolverine still loved him, and if he played his cards carefully, it would continue to do so. He leaned back and for the first time really tasted the flavor of his cigar.

—JAMES REID PARKER

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From an adv. of Omnibook*]

Taylor Caldwell, author of "Dynasty of Death" and "The Eagles Gather": "I think you have done a splendid job in the condensing of my novel. To pick out a coherent story from it was a masterly piece of business, and I congratulate you."

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THE INNER MAN

Luncheon 1–2

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PROFILES

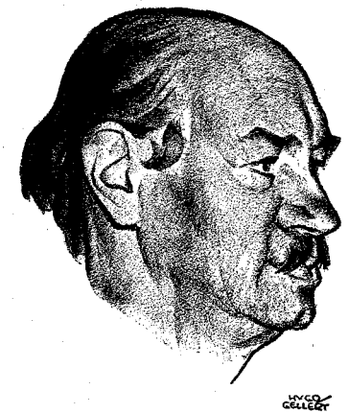
THE WINGED-S — I

THE fact that the earth is only 25,000 miles in circumference is a source of occasional annoyance to Igor Ivanovitch Sikorsky, engineering manager of United Aircraft's Vought-Sikorsky Division, builder of Pan American's first transoceanic Clippers, and probably the first man in the world to construct a successful multiple-motored plane. Although Mr. Sikorsky concentrates on size and comfort rather than speed, he has, like other aeronautical designers, a tendency to produce faster and faster planes as he grows older, and he is sometimes vexed with the cramped area of his home planet, because he feels that its modest scope makes it scarcely worth while to develop planes capable of the enormous speed which is now attainable. In 1934, addressing the Royal Aeronautical Society in London, Mr. Sikorsky referred to the imminence of non-stop ocean planes of great weight which would cruise at two hundred miles an hour, and said, "Greater cruising speeds are possible, but the size of the earth does not warrant greater speeds."

Sikorsky does not often allow himself to be discouraged by his environment, however. He has since turned out a plane which will cruise non-stop across the Atlantic at two hundred and twenty miles an hour, and has prophesied that one of these days, when a method of releasing and harnessing atomic energy has been worked out, aircraft will attain a speed of several thousand miles an hour in the upper stratosphere. New Yorkers will be able to reach Europe in forty-five minutes, he points out, and it will be possible to go around the world in a few hours. A man will thus get to LaGuardia Airport from Japan a half day before he leaves, making it very difficult for him to keep a diary. Sikorsky is not sure how many people, aside from fliers of bombers, will want to go this fast, but the thought of such mobility cheers him up, and the mild claustrophobia which afflicts him when he contemplates this planet is further mitigated when he thinks about the interplanetary rocket. Barring some catastrophic event, he wrote in 1938, he believes that both the superstratosphere airplane and the space rocket will be perfected within the next hundred years. The rocket is a particular enthusiasm of his. He told an interviewer the other day that it was easy to envisage one which could go around the earth forever without stopping. When Sikorsky said this, it was obvious from his expression that he would be delighted to get into a conveyance of this sort and stay in it.

ALTHOUGH Sikorsky is one of the few aviation pioneers still alive and able to dream, a lot of people do not know exactly who he is, and a good many don't know who he is not. The Associated Press has at least once confused him with Alexander P. de Seversky, a Russian-born war ace and designer who was formerly president of the Seversky Aircraft Corporation and is now president of the Rotoflight Corporation. Actually, Sikorsky is not de Seversky, nor is he Boris V. Sergievsky, formerly a leading test pilot and now vice-president of the Helicopter Corporation of America. The confusion over who Sikorsky is has been aggravated by the fact that he has had two entirely separate careers—one in Russia, where he was born, and the other in this country—and that in his American career he has been associated with three or four airplane companies whose names look pretty much alike. Vought-Sikorsky, the concern for which he is now chief engineer, is the successor company to the Sikorsky Aviation Corporation, which in turn was the successor of two earlier organizations—the Sikorsky Aero Engineering Corporation and the Sikorsky Manufacturing Corporation—of all of which Sikorsky was either president or a director or both. He is neither an officer nor a director of Vought-Sikorsky or of its parent company, United Aircraft, and, being an inventor rather than a businessman, he does not miss the days when his responsibility to stockholders was more direct. In addition to Vought-Sikorsky, United Aircraft consists of Pratt & Whitney Aircraft, which makes engines, and Hamilton Standard Propeller.

The Vought-Sikorsky Division of United Aircraft is the result of a merger of the Chance Vought and Sikorsky Aviation Divisions. The Sikorsky unit was acquired in 1929 at a cost of several million dollars, of which Sikorsky's share was approximately $30,000. Pratt & Whitney Aircraft accounts for about two-thirds of United's business, and Vought-Sikorsky, which manufactures only planes, for about one-sixth. In 1939, United Aircraft received orders totalling over $160,000,000; in the first six months of this year orders amounted to nearly $99,000,000. Since the war began, the British government has ordered a large number of Vought-Sikorsky dive-bombers. Owing to the secrecy with which aviation statistics are surrounded, it is impossible to state precisely how much work the Sikorsky unit is turning out for the United States and foreign governments, but it will probably come to over $25,000,000 in 1940. The company's latest commercial product is the S-44-A, a twenty-five-ton, sixteen-passenger plane which carries a crew of eleven and can fly non-stop from New York to Lisbon in twenty hours. Three have been ordered by the American Export Air Lines. The S-44-A is an adaptation of the XPBS-A, nicknamed the Flying Dreadnaught, a large patrol bomber now in active service with the Navy. Very few facts about the XPBS-A have been made public, and other war planes being developed at the Sikorsky plant in Stratford, Connecticut, near Bridgeport, are being assembled in a closely guarded building to which Sikorsky himself can obtain access only after a thorough identification requiring a badge and a photograph which make it plain that he is neither de Seversky nor Sergievsky.



Igor Ivanovitch Sikorsky

SIKORSKY gets a salary of around $20,000, and bonuses and dividends bring his income to about $25,000. He is a short, mild-mannered, reserved man with a broad, Slavic nose, penetrating gray-green eyes, thinning hair, a small, gray mustache, and a soft, gentle, musical voice which is almost hypnotic. He taught himself English when he came to this country from Russia in 1919 and learned from himself to pro-

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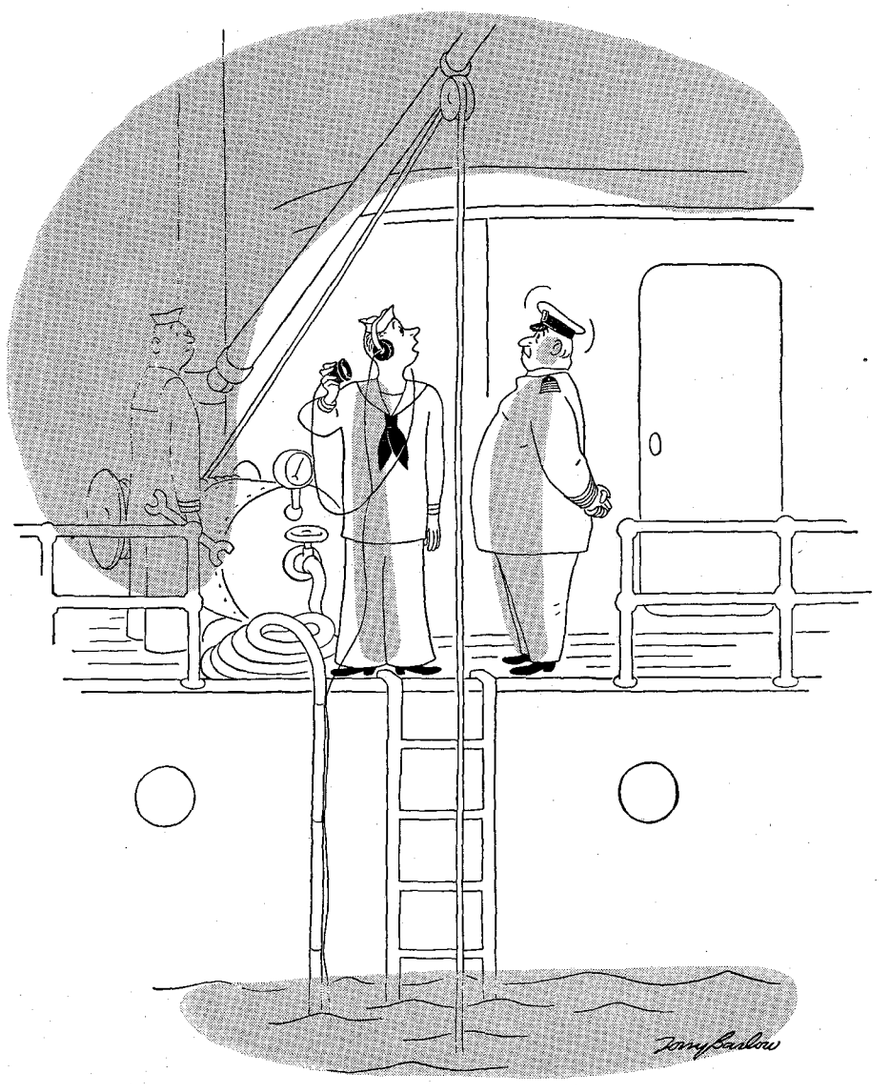

"He has rather a peculiar request, Captain. He wants to know if you will perform a marriage."

• •

nounce the final "ed" on words like "combined," "replaced," "reached," and "gained" as though it were a separate syllable. He pronounces "aeronautical" "ayrinotchical," sometimes refers to his "infamiliarity" with English, and once, when his suspicions were aroused by something, informed a colleague, "I tell you, I think somewhere there is a Negro sawing wood." Gesturing slightly with his left hand, he talks, preferably about aviation, with a kind of quiet authority, as if he were explaining something to a moderately intelligent child. His manners are impeccable and his Russian formality often startles aviation people, most of whom are inclined to be casual.

At the beginning of his American career, Sikorsky engaged a number of other Russian émigrés as workmen. They took it for granted that he would call them "gentlemen" when greeting them and that there would be a mutual flourish of hats, or caps. Most of the present staff of two thousand workmen are Yankees, who consider this kind of behavior somewhat strange. They do not resent it, however, and, like the followers of Trotsky, affectionately refer to their boss as "the old man." Sikorsky invariably executes a slight bow when he enters the office of Eugene Edward Wilson, president of United Aircraft, and this leaves Mr. Wilson, himself a polite man, in something of a quandary. Wilson, who has known Sikorsky for more than fifteen years, refers to him as Igor and would like to call him Igor, but Sikorsky always calls the president Mr. Wilson, so Wilson calls him Mr. Sikorsky. According to Wilson, the late Don Brown, former head of United, was the only non-Russian in the company who ever addressed Sikorsky by his first name; Sikorsky was very fond of Brown, but he always called him Mr. Brown. Sikorsky's closest Russian friends call him Igor Ivanovitch. Mr. Wilson does not feel that Sikorsky is being unfriendly because he does not call him Eugene. He has a great admiration for his chief engineer—"Igor was one of the pioneers who designed the whole damn airplane"—and for the magnificent droop of Sikorsky's mustaches. "They used to droop even more, in an Oriental, Tartar way," Wilson says. "I think of him sitting on the back of a Mongolian pony, his mustaches drooping."

SIKORSKY comes naturally by his Oriental mustaches, his old-fashioned manners, and his scientific nature. He was born in Kiev, the youngest of five children of a professor of psychology at the university there. His only brother, a naval officer, was killed in the last war; two of his sisters are still alive, one living in Connecticut and the other in the Soviet. Many of his forebears had been country priests, and from them, perhaps, he has inherited a rather mystical, religious side. In 1926, when the S-35, the biggest plane he had then built, was receiving its finishing touches prior to its projected flight from New York to Paris, he insisted that it be blessed by a priest. Subsequently the group of businessmen who had ordered the plane and hired René Fonck to attempt to win the Orteig Prize with it got Jimmy Walker, then Mayor, to christen it. Walker broke a bottle of mineral water on it on his sixth try, and the S-35 crashed on its takeoff in the worst tragedy of Sikorsky's career, killing two of its crew of four. In 1929, when Sikorsky moved his plant, which he had started on Long Island, to Stratford, his many Russian employees settled in that town, and he was largely responsible for the erection of a Greek Orthodox church there. He attends it regularly, and there is an ikon in one corner of his office and several ikons in his home. He has recently written a sixty-page commentary on the Lord's Prayer which he has sent around to friends, and he takes a considerable interest in Greek churches and monasteries all over the world. He conducts a lively correspondence with some monks in the Greek Orthodox monastery at Mt. Athos, in Greece, and has made several successful efforts to save Russian monasteries in this country from closing down because they needed money. He believes that religion and science

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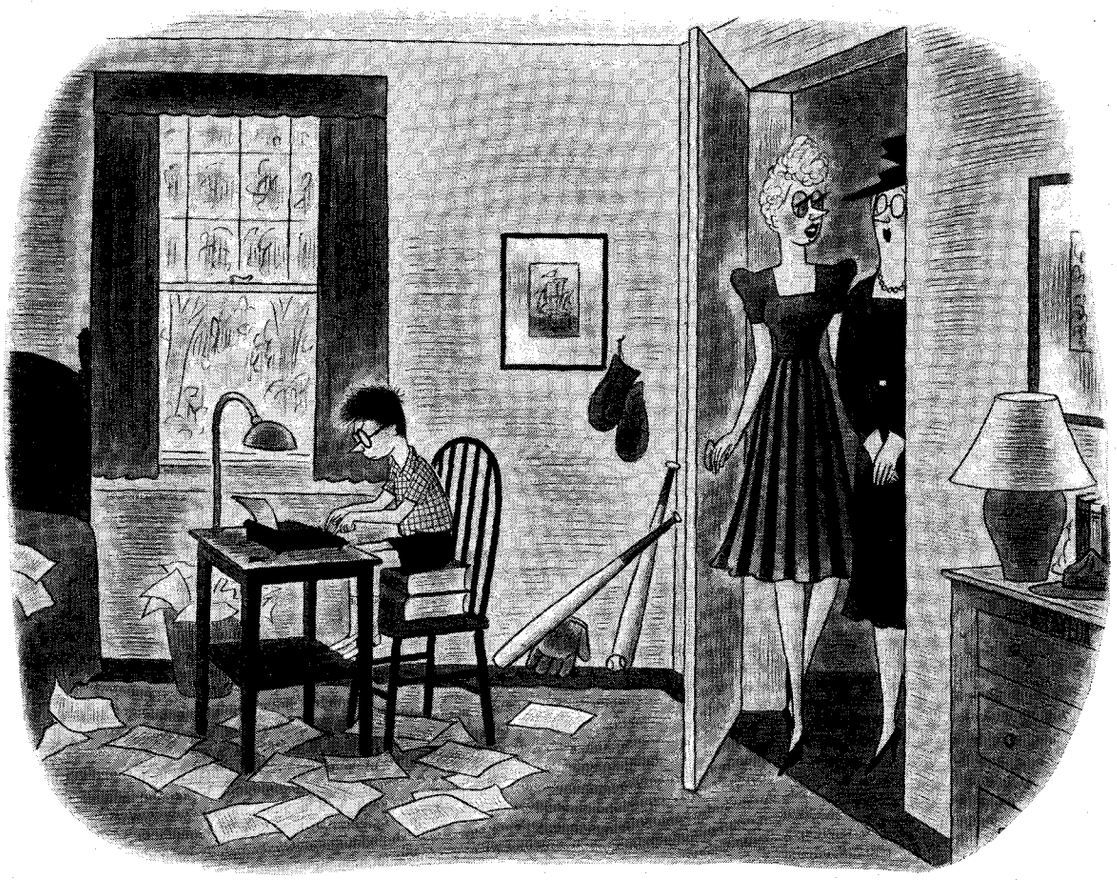
are not only compatible but are equally necessary, and this is the subject of frequent talks which he gives to groups of Russians. Sikorsky is now an American citizen and a soberly enthusiastic one, but he has many friends in the monarchist group of Russian émigrés here and thinks it quite possible that a monarchical form of government may be reestablished in Russia someday.

WHILE he was still a very young boy, Sikorsky was told by his mother about Leonardo da Vinci's flying-machine experiments; when he was eleven, he was solemnly informed about the complexities of electricity, astronomy, and physics by his father, a man with a substantial scientific reputation in Russia. Sikorsky recalls that around this time he had an unforgettable dream of being in a luxurious airship. The S-40, the first Clipper, which, thirty-one years later, he delivered to Pan American, looked just like the one he had dreamed about, he says. Young Sikorsky began making batteries and electric motors, and when he was twelve produced a model of a helicopter, or vertical-lift flying machine, which, powered only by a rubber band twisted around its propeller shaft, actually left the ground. The idea of the helicopter was old even then, but nobody had constructed one that could fly and few people had built successful models. When Igor was thirteen, he took up chemistry and, following directions given in a revolutionary leaflet which he had picked up, assembled several small bombs which turned out to be quite reliable. One afternoon when he came home from school he set these off in the garden of his parents' house. Workmen rebuilding the house next door were so fascinated that they stopped working in order to watch, causing the contractor to complain to Sikorsky's father. This was the first Professor Sikorsky knew of his son's experiments with explosives, and he praised young Igor roundly.

During his teens, Sikorsky, who had vague ambitions to be a navy man, attended the Naval Academy in St. Petersburg, but after graduating he lost interest. He later went to an engineering school in Paris and the Polytechnic Institute of Kiev. The theoretical aspect of engineering bored him, and he left the Institute without graduating. He brightened up his life by constructing a workshop at home, where he built, among other things, a steam-driven motorcycle.

Sikorsky's mother died in 1906, when he was seventeen, and a year or two later his father took him on a trip to Germany, where he read eagerly about the dirigible experiments of Count Zeppelin. He also read about the early flights of the Wright brothers, then in progress, and aeronautics became, and has remained, his controlling interest. He decided to build a real helicopter, and toward the end of 1908, one of his sisters, Olga, who was several years older, lent him enough money to buy an engine and the necessary parts. Such devices could not be found in Russia and Sikorsky went to Paris to buy them. French airplanes could only make small jumps then, like grasshoppers, but Sikorsky hung around flying fields near Paris for several months, watching the planes hop, and hopping with excitement himself. Back in Kiev, he assembled a helicopter, which never left the ground, chiefly because the engine was too heavy. Again financed by Olga, he bought two more motors in Paris and constructed a second helicopter and also his first airplane, the S-1. Neither of these got into the air under its own power, although in the spring of 1910, thanks to a gust of wind, Sikorsky rose briefly to a height of nearly three feet in the S-1. He regarded this as a fluke, and disassembled both machines. With a staff consisting of a plumber, two carpenters, and two or three engineering-student friends, he built a second plane, the S-2. His hangar was on a field a few miles from home, and every evening his father's gardener, arriving by trolley, brought the pioneers a hot dinner, after which they built a fire and sat around it, discussing the day's work until late at night.

On June 3rd, in his maiden trip in the S-2, Sikorsky rose to a height of four feet and flew twelve seconds, covering two hundred yards before coming



"... but when the broadcasting company sent him $5,000 for his first script we laughed out of the other side of our mouths."

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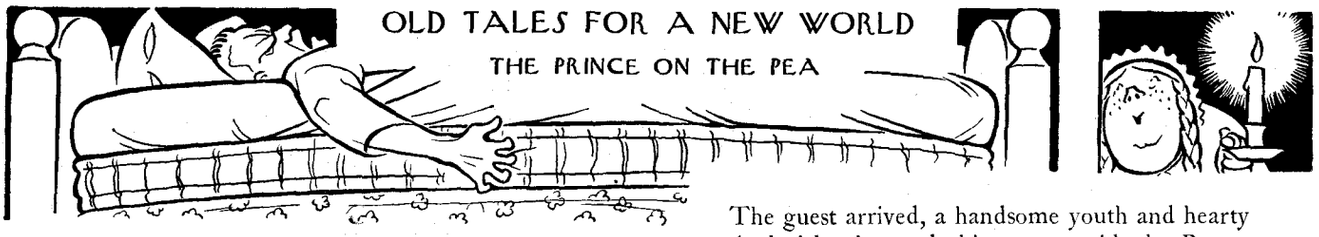

OLD TALES FOR A NEW WORLD

THE PRINCE ON THE PEA

There once lived in a land across the water
A mother and her marriageable daughter,
Who had two ordinary eyes, a nose
Of Aryan stamp, two ankles, and ten toes.
Fond of potatoes, children, sweets, and song,
They lived content, with little to go wrong,
Till, loyal to her Party and its vows,
The mother tried to find her girl a spouse.
A Party man she sought, but sought in vain;
The Party men were either poor or plain,
And for the rich who seemed to look the part,
How could she prove the Party in their heart?
She could not prove it, and her search convinced her
The girl would stay a lifelong Party spinster,
Until one day this mother, with a stroke
Of genius, cried, "The Party sees no joke.
Daughter, we have a guest, and I shall prove
If he is really worthy of your love."
"O Mother, ever since my life began
All I have wanted is a Party man,"
The daughter answered, and her flaxen hair
Tossed its two plaits in passionate despair.

The mother went upstairs; alone she spread
With twenty mattresses the guest-room bed,
And underneath them, where no eye could see,
Put a small joke, no bigger than a pea,
Of ripest vintage, older than the hills—
Wait till tonight! A mother's heart o'erfills.

The guest arrived, a handsome youth and hearty
And rich—he made his money with the Party.
The girl's heart melted, feeling more than fond,
Love at first meeting, beauty and the blond;
But still the awful test must be withstood
Before the Nordic wed is locked for good.
Bedtime approaches, and he goes upstairs
To bed, lies down and says a lover's prayers,
Then shuts his eyes and switches off the light,
And plans to dream in Aryan all night.

All night he tosses; twenty mattresses
Are underneath but cannot take the stresses.
All night the mother, tiptoe at the door,
Can hear him toss but cannot hear him snore.
She finds the first ten minutes hard to wait
Lest he should see the joke ten minutes late,
For then he would be English in disguise;
But first by minutes, then by hours, time flies,
And still he tosses; faintly but with joy
She ends her watch. "And did you sleep, my boy?"
"No, not a bit. I'm feeling black and blue.
Something I couldn't see was sticking through.
I never slept."
"And I too never slept.
Dear boy, my own dear daughter's hand accept,
The Party should be proud of such a son.
Be a good master to my little one!"
The daughter weeps; they kiss, and marry, and
Have Aryan children for the promised land.

—GEORGE ALLEN

down; next day he rose eight feet but descended almost immediately. His spirits mounting, he continued these short hops for a while and then made a few improvements in the plane. On June 29th, he rose ecstatically to a height of fifteen feet, holding this altitude for thirty seconds. The following day he climbed to eighty feet and crashed in a ravine after a flight of forty-nine seconds. The plane, which had a total of eight minutes' flying to its credit, was ruined, but its creator and pilot was unhurt. Sikorsky has crashed a great many times since then without ever getting anything worse than a few bruises. Although he loves to fly, he is not an instinctive pilot, like Lindbergh, de Seversky, or Sergievsky. "He flies like a professor with a textbook in his hand," a colleague once said of him.

During this period of experimentation, Sikorsky occasionally relaxed by studying the stars through a telescope and by canoeing on the Dnieper; most of the time, however, he could scarcely bear to stay on the ground or the water. He built a third plane, which made thirteen flights, totalling seven minutes, before it crashed. Professor Sikorsky was at last impressed by his son's persistence and followed the example of his daughter in financing him. Sikorsky's fourth plane also crashed rather quickly, but on his initial excursion in the S-5 he rose three hundred feet, remained aloft four minutes, and made a good landing near his starting point. Sikorsky regards this as his first real flight. By midsummer of 1911 he was able to stay up half an hour at a thousand-foot altitude. The sensation of flight and the view of the woods and hills near Kiev gave him enormous pleasure; he remembers a feeling of delight which he is unable to recapture in the heavy, rapid, cabin aircraft of today. He obtained a pilot's licence, the sixty-fourth issued by the Imperial Aero Club of Russia, and was invited to participate in Army maneuvers near Kiev. He flew thirty-five miles to the maneuvers, where he was presented to the Czar.

MOST aviation people say that Sikorsky is the creator of the multiple-engine plane, a distinction which he owes largely to an anonymous mosquito. In the fall of 1911, during a demonstration flight, the S-5's motor stopped and Sikorsky narrowly escaped disaster in a forced landing in a railroad yard. He discovered later that a mosquito had got into the gasoline and been drawn into the carburetor, blocking it and stopping the engine. This made him realize the importance of avoiding forced landings and prompted him to plan a multi-motored plane which could continue to fly even if one motor failed. It was two years, however, before he built this machine. Late in 1911 he produced another single-engine plane, designed to greatly reduce air resistance. In this, with two other men on board, he flew at seven-

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ty miles an hour, setting a world's record for a plane carrying three men. The plane, the S-6-A, received the highest award at an aircraft exhibition in Moscow in 1912. Sikorsky sold the exclusive rights to the design, and the designs of whatever planes he would turn out in the next five years, to the Society of Russian Baltic Railroad Car Factories, a big St. Petersburg manufacturing company which was beginning to make airplanes. He went to live in St. Petersburg, and became designer and chief engineer for a new aircraft division established by the company. His contract empowered him to build at least one experimental plane a year at the company's expense, rather than his father's and sister's. One of the first planes he designed in his new capacity won first prize of 30,000 rubles, or $15,000, in a military competition. The Russian Baltic people got half of this. Sikorsky devoted his share to partially repaying his family's loans, which amounted to $25,000. Two years later he had returned the entire sum.

After he had been with the Russian Baltic Works a few months, Sikorsky was invited to dinner by the chairman of the board. Sikorsky was then twenty-three and every bit as punctilious as he is today. He would never think of introducing a business topic on a social occasion, and it was only after his host had encouraged him, over the black coffee, to discuss the airplane of the future that he revealed that he had been working on plans for a large plane with a closed cabin, room for a crew of several men, and four motors. Sikorsky had hesitated to broach this plan before because of the great expense involved. He made sketches for his boss, and at midnight rose to go. "Start construction immediately," said his employer. Sikorsky went home and telephoned some of his assistants to come to his house at once. They arrived sleepily, and Sikorsky, after handing everyone a glass of wine, told the big news. With the proper Russian sense of ceremony, all drank to the new project's success before settling down to a three-hour technical discussion.

By the spring of 1913, the new plane, known as the Grand, was assembled. It weighed 9,000 pounds, had a wing span of ninety-two feet, a closed pilot's cabin with two seats, dual-control apparatus, a four-passenger cabin, a washroom, large windows, and four one-hundred-horsepower water-cooled motors. Most experts considered it far too heavy to rise from the ground, but it was taken up by Sikorsky, accompanied by a co-pilot and a flight mechanic, and flown steadily for nine or ten minutes at up to sixty miles an hour. Sikorsky later flew it to an Army field, where it was inspected by Czar Nicholas II, who climbed up a ladder into the cabin and there discussed the plane with its creator. Imperial Russian etiquette demanded that Sikorsky should simply answer the Czar's questions without volunteering any remarks of his own, but the Czar made it clear that he was in a mood for a two-way conversation, and the men talked for several minutes. According to Sikorsky, Nicholas II's questions showed a reasonable knowledge of engineering. The Czar sent him a gold watch and chain, with the imperial two-headed eagle studded on the watch in small diamonds. Sikorsky keeps the gift in a safe

"We have Old Taylor, Old Drum, Old Grand-Dad, Old Angus, Old Overholt, and Seagram's Very Old."

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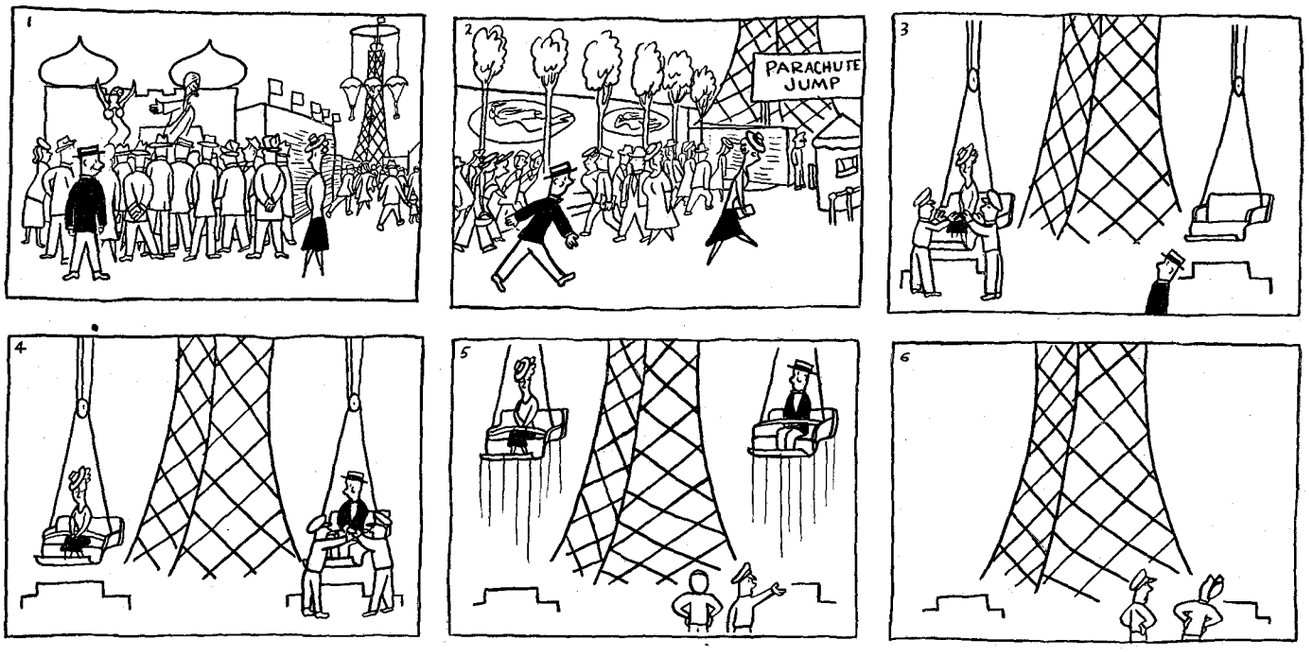

in his home and wears it at important aeronautical banquets.

Shortly after establishing a world's record for staying aloft with eight persons on board—an hour and fifty-four minutes—the Grand met a preposterous end. Watching the flight of a competitor one afternoon, Sikorsky heard a loud noise and saw a large, dark object falling from the plane as it flew over the field where he was standing and where the Grand was parked. The plane glided into a crash, and Sikorsky rushed over to it in time to see the pilot step out of the wreckage uninjured. "Your whole motor fell out," said Sikorsky to the flier, an optimistic Russian who up to that moment had thought he had lost nothing more than a propeller. A minute or two later it was Sikorsky's turn to be astonished when he found that the motor had fallen on the Grand, causing such serious damage that it had to be junked.

Sikorsky built another four-motored plane, weighing over 10,000 pounds, and this, plus the military variations of it which followed, made him briefly rich. Named Ilia Murometz, after a legendary tenth-century Russian hero who was supposed to be the strongest man on earth in his day, the plane contained openings on both sides of the pilot's cabin permitting the mechanic to climb out on the wings and repair the motors while the plane was in flight. Hitherto this had been impossible. In the summer of 1914, with two co-pilots and a mechanic, Sikorsky flew the Ilia Murometz about fifteen hundred miles from St. Petersburg to Kiev and back. Incidents of the trip included meals of sandwiches and hot coffee, a fire aboard, the temporary failure of one of the motors, and some blind flying through heavy rain. The fire, caused by backfire igniting gasoline leaking from a broken tube, was smothered by overcoats in midair. Sikorsky's co-pilots took over the controls from time to time, leaving him free to enjoy the aesthetic pleasures of the excursion. He has a strong poetic streak; he stood on an open bridge and contemplated the strangely shaped clouds with mystical delight. "All around me there was a fairyland, formed by clouds," he wrote in an autobiography published two years ago. "For a long time I stayed alone on the platform admiring the wonderful fairy panorama—the strange beauty of which I will never forget." Sikorsky's biography, written with the help of Russell Owen, is called "The Story of the Winged-S." Sikorsky, always a reticent man, wrote more about his planes than about himself, and the book sold less than 3,000 copies.

SOLITUDE, whether in the air or on land, has a great fascination for Sikorsky. Both here and in Russia he has done his best experimental work late at night, when no one else was around, drinking cup after cup of hot black coffee and occasionally playing a phonograph for relaxation. He has a Capehart in his house in Newtown, Connecticut, a few miles from the Vought-Sikorsky plant. He prefers classical music. Last month, lunching with a friend, he apprehensively watched a patron feed a nickel into a mechanical phonograph. "The invention is incomplete," said Sikorsky as some swing tune began. "There should be a dime to stop it." Although Sikorsky drinks quantities of coffee, he always takes it in demitasses. He is not so fastidious about his hair, which is usually straggly in back, or his clothes, which are inclined to be straggly all over. He once turned up at an aeronautical convention dinner at the Waldorf wearing a long red tie with his dinner coat, and met criticism of this color scheme with the statement that it was a brand-new tie. Fellow-diners secured a more conventional tie and persuaded him to change. Colleagues sometimes prevail on him to meet them at a barbershop before an important meeting with people from Wall Street, and talk him into a shave and a haircut.

Sikorsky likes driving a car alone and even today, despite the enormous war boom in the industry, frequently takes his La Salle and drives to the White Mountains or the Adirondacks for two or three days' solitary mountain climbing. He has a crush on mountains, and he is even fonder of volcanic ones, especially if they're erupting. He inspects volcanoes whenever he has a chance to; he has seen Vesuvius in action three times. In 1933, when he heard that Izalco, a volcano in El Salvador, was in an active state, he flew there at once, on an airline Sikorsky, and viewed the

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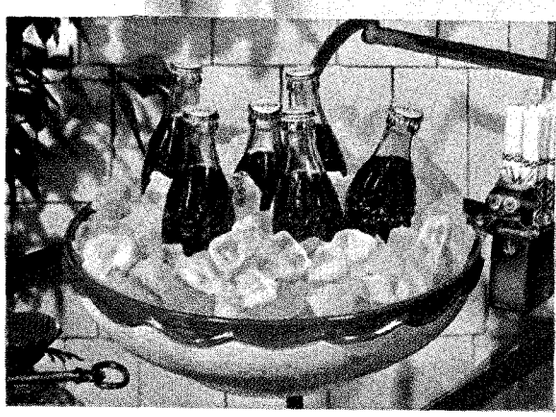

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crater, between explosions, from a military plane which the government placed at his disposal. "The volcano was working quite all right," he says with satisfaction. "I had a wonderful time." Sikorsky had vowed that if he ever lit a cigarette from the lava of a volcano, he would quit smoking. He accomplished this feat in El Salvador and hasn't smoked since. He also has a weakness for the Pyramids, and has climbed them all, experiencing almost as pleasurable a sensation as if he were in an open-cockpit plane.

Sikorsky is one of the few men in America who have built bombers for two major wars. The Russian government ordered several planes of the Ilia Murometz type early in 1914, and in August, when Russia entered the first World War, Sikorsky began turning out bomber versions of this plane for the Army as fast as the Russian Baltic company could import the engines from France. His factory worked twenty-four hours a day, in three shifts, and Sikorsky worked most of these three shifts himself, drinking demitasses steadily. His inability to say a harsh or impolite word to anyone was considered a phenomenon even in Old Russia, and is said to have somewhat impaired his efficiency. "If I may express my opinion," he would say to a workman who was doing something all wrong, "and if it isn't contrary to your opinion, I would suggest your doing so and so. I hope you don't mind." Nevertheless, he produced seventy-four bombers, which his company sold to the government at about $125,000 apiece. They were the first planes in the world to drop 1,000-pound bombs; the last one turned out weighed 17,000 pounds and carried eleven machine guns.

THE Russian Revolution and the Peace of Brest Litovsk put an end to Sikorsky's career in Russia just as it was at its height. Regarding both these events as foolish, he departed for England in 1918, leaving behind him a fortune of $500,000 in real estate and government bonds. Sikorsky went from London to Paris, where he offered his services to the French government. He received an order for five planes capable of carrying 2,200-pound bombs, but this was cancelled before the bombers were delivered, on account of the armistice. Because he had been impressed by the aeronautical pioneering in the United States, Sikorsky came here, arriving in New York in March, 1919, with $600 in his pockets and the intention of making bigger commercial planes than any in existence.

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

(This is the first of two articles on Mr. Sikorsky. The second will appear next week.)

• •

SUPPERTIME RHYMES FOR MY SON

WITH ADMONITIONS FROM HIS MOTHER

I shot an entertainer who thought he could amuse me
By standing near my table and pretending to abuse me.
I shot him in the Cover Charge, right through the chest.
Don't fret, Junior, your daddy knows best.

I shot a politician who figured he could sell
His candidate by fastening a pin to my lapel.
I shot him in the Platform, right through the chest.
Don't cry, Sonny, your daddy knows best.

I shot an ether-talker who tempted me to borrow,
At easygoing terms, some money for the morrow.
I shot him in the Microphone, right through the chest.
Don't weep, Buddy, your daddy knows best.

I shot a paper prophet who hinted that he knew
Exactly what each nation in the world was going to do.
I shot him in the Future, right through the chest.
Don't sob, Buster, your daddy knows best.

I shot a fellow-citizen who praised my selfless action,
And then I shot another who expressed dissatisfaction.
I shot them in the Meanwhile, right through the chest.
Don't wail, Babykins, your daddy knows best.

—PHILIP W. WRENN, JR.

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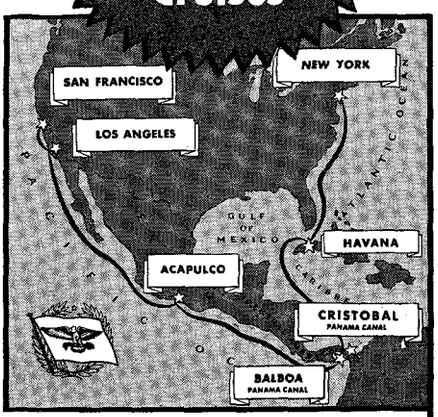

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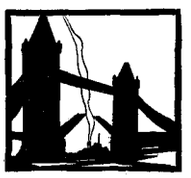
LETTER FROM LONDON

AUGUST 4 (BY CABLE)

FOR the past week, foreign correspondents have been sitting at strategic points on the English coastline, waiting to get a scoop on the invasion which, German propaganda to the contrary, many informed observers think will start at any minute. To Vincent Sheean and other professional trouble-chasers who have followed the long and tragic tale of violence through blood-soaked Europe, this period of calm and orderly living—perhaps the last that this country will know for some time—must seem gloomily reminiscent. The suburban housewife, setting out with a shopping basket or picking the runner beans that now twine over air-raid shelters in even the sootiest backyards, is no more or less placid than were housewives performing the last little chores of day-to-day existence in Barcelona or Warsaw just before hell broke loose in those cities. The ordinary Englishman, as though unaware that the attention of the whole world is on him at the moment, continues to get on quietly with his ordinary job and to find as much pleasure as this breathing space of civilization can offer.



There's no doubt in most minds that it's only a breathing space. All last week the rumor went round that something would happen this weekend—a prophecy apparently based on the coinciding of the anniversary of the outbreak of the first World War (a moment which might appeal to Hitler's fondness for the melodramatic gesture) with the more practical omen of a bright moon and high tides. Experts here think that Germany will almost certainly make a gigantic effort to win before the winter and before the numerical superiority of her air fleet is overcome by the combined efforts of the aircraft industries of Great Britain and the United States. Many people, however, believe that the Blitzpeace is not yet over, and that the German leaflets dropped over Britain for the first time on Friday were the opening shots of an intensified propaganda offensive.

MEANWHILE, the success of the R. A. F. raids on Germany continues to do excellent things to public morale. There is some surprise that the raids on this country have been so slight in comparison, but the supposition is that the German Air Force is being refitted and reorganized for the big attack. It also seems certain that the British flyers' night navigation is better than the Germans' and that it's easier for bombers to find their objectives on the Continent, where roads are long and straight and where rivers and big towns are unmistakable landmarks, than in England, where the crooked, ambling roads, the straggling towns, and the jumble of absolutely identical little fields and hedgerows are a navigator's headache. For once, the national talent for muddled planning looks like a good thing.

That this talent is not yet eradicated from all government departments was unhappily evident in last week's House of Commons rumpus over the policy of the Ministry of Information, the unwieldly and expensive organization headed by Mr. Duff Cooper and responsible for censorship, propaganda, and the distribution of news. In the opinion of most thinking citizens, the Ministry has failed miserably in its present form. Certainly nowadays British propaganda isn't a patch on what it was in the last war. The machine which functioned so successfully and inexpensively twenty-five years ago became the model upon which the Germans based their own system. Foreign broadcasts in particular have been criticized as being polite Foreign Office English, correctly translated but hardly calculated to fire oppressed people into action; the enormously important problem of broadcasts to the French has not yet been successfully tackled.

These were not the defects which were attacked in Thursday's debate and Friday's press, unfortunately. Instead, the discussion had to do with the far less serious question of the Ministry's house-to-house quiz on what people are thinking about the war. To a nation which likes to keep itself to itself, this seemed an unwarranted intrusion into the people's private lives. Householders were urged by the press to shut their doors in the faces of the investigators, who were promptly named "Cooper's snoopers," and members of Parliament declared that "it is no part of the duties of the Ministry of Information to go spying round the homes of ordinary citizens already sufficiently harassed and perturbed, though exceedingly courageous." This stung Mr. Duff Cooper into a bitter attack on the newspapers, which he claimed were keeping the agitation alive as a stunt to make up for a shortage of news.

It was possibly an inauspicious mo-

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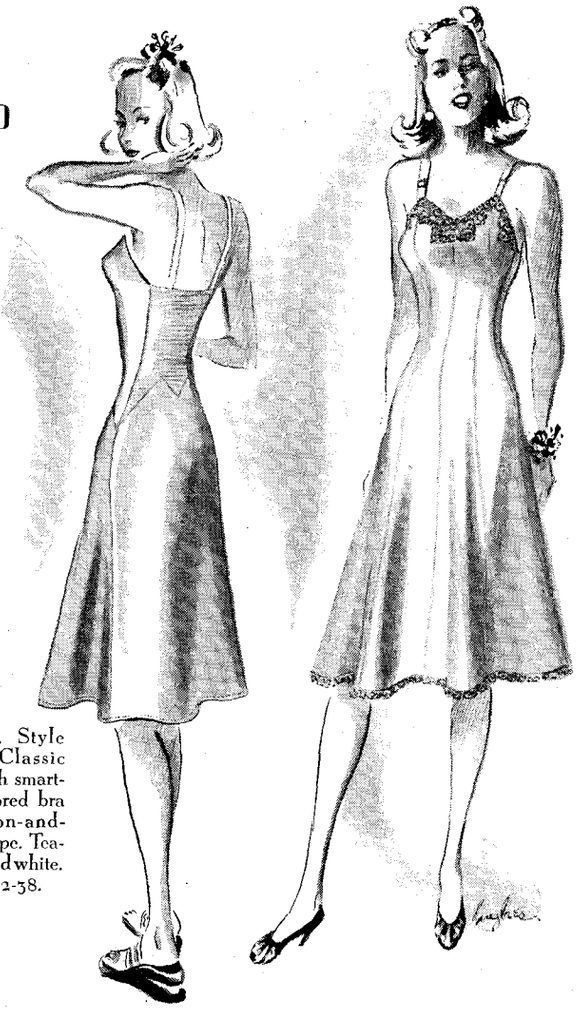
BREATHE EASIER IN FITTED

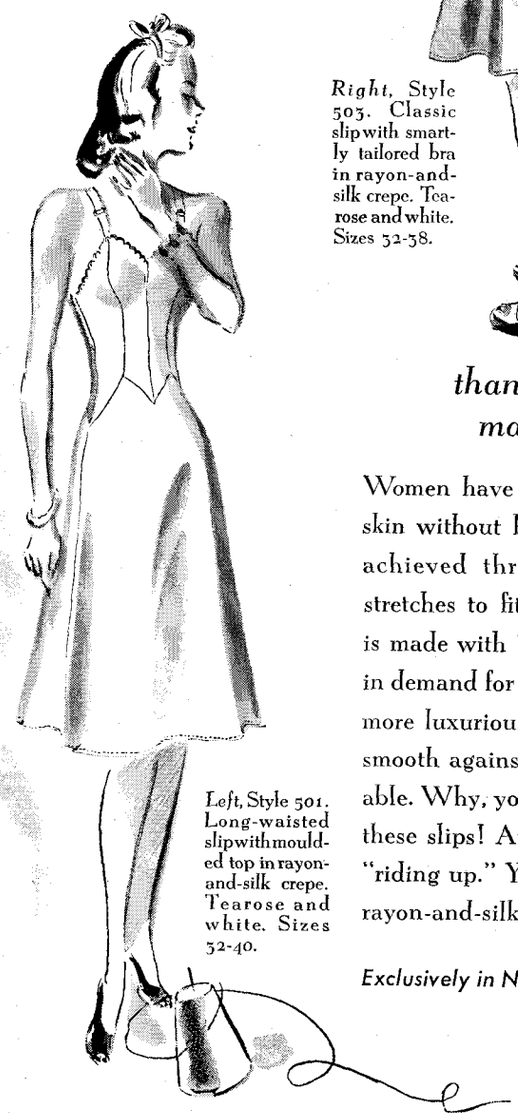
Slips

THAT "GIVE"
WITH EVERY BREATH



Right, Style 503. Classic slip with smartly tailored bra in rayon-and-silk crepe. Tea-rose and white. Sizes 32-38.

Left, Style 502. Lace-trimmed gored slip in rayon-and-silk crepe. Tea-rose and white. Sizes 32-40.



Left, Style 501. Long-waisted slip with moulded top in rayon-and-silk crepe. Tearose and white. Sizes 32-40.

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ment to try out such an innovation. The recent unsuccessful venture of the Silent Column, designed to prevent the leakage of information to the enemy, had only just perished—with the assistance of a characteristic kick in the pants from Mr. Churchill, who has won Britons' admiration and confidence by a persistent policy of treating them as sensible adults whom it is possible to trust. Large sums of money were expended in trying to put over the Silent Column idea, which gave a magnificent free hand to busybodies and came perilously close to tampering with the precious democratic possession of free speech. One of the few happy achievements of the movement was the upsetting of an important government official. At dinner in a restaurant, he was telling a friend a perfectly harmless anecdote, perhaps well studded with Ministerial names, when the waiter handed him a note from the next table suggesting that he was talking far too loudly and too much.

As for the Ministry of Information's latest proposal, it's not hard for anyone with a nose for such things to find out what people are thinking and saying without going to the trouble of a doorstep canvass. Everyone is reading "Guilty Men," an anonymous survey of the rotten heritage which Chamberlain took over from his predecessors. The great, unmoneyed masses and the immensely powerful middle classes believe and intend that England will win the war. There are still people with property who think they believe the same thing but consciously or unconsciously add the stipulation that they expect to go on living in the same old England, under the same old bad peacetime conditions. This section of the community corresponds to the French group that was responsible for that country's collapse and for the Pétain government, and there is widespread determination among ordinary people to crush any such ideas here Finally, all classes seem to feel that the United States is already spiritually in the war, and that Japan, without firing a shot at England, has declared for the Axis combination.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

Washington, June 10.—(U.P.)—Administrator Philip B. Fleming has ruled that employes covered by the wage-hour law must be paid for short rest periods.

A "short" period was defined as thickly coated with blatant braggoutes.—*Columbus (Ohio) Citizen.*

You can't mistake it.

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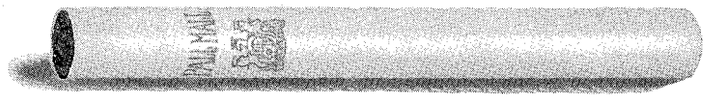
SIMILE: SMOOTH AS A PALL MALL



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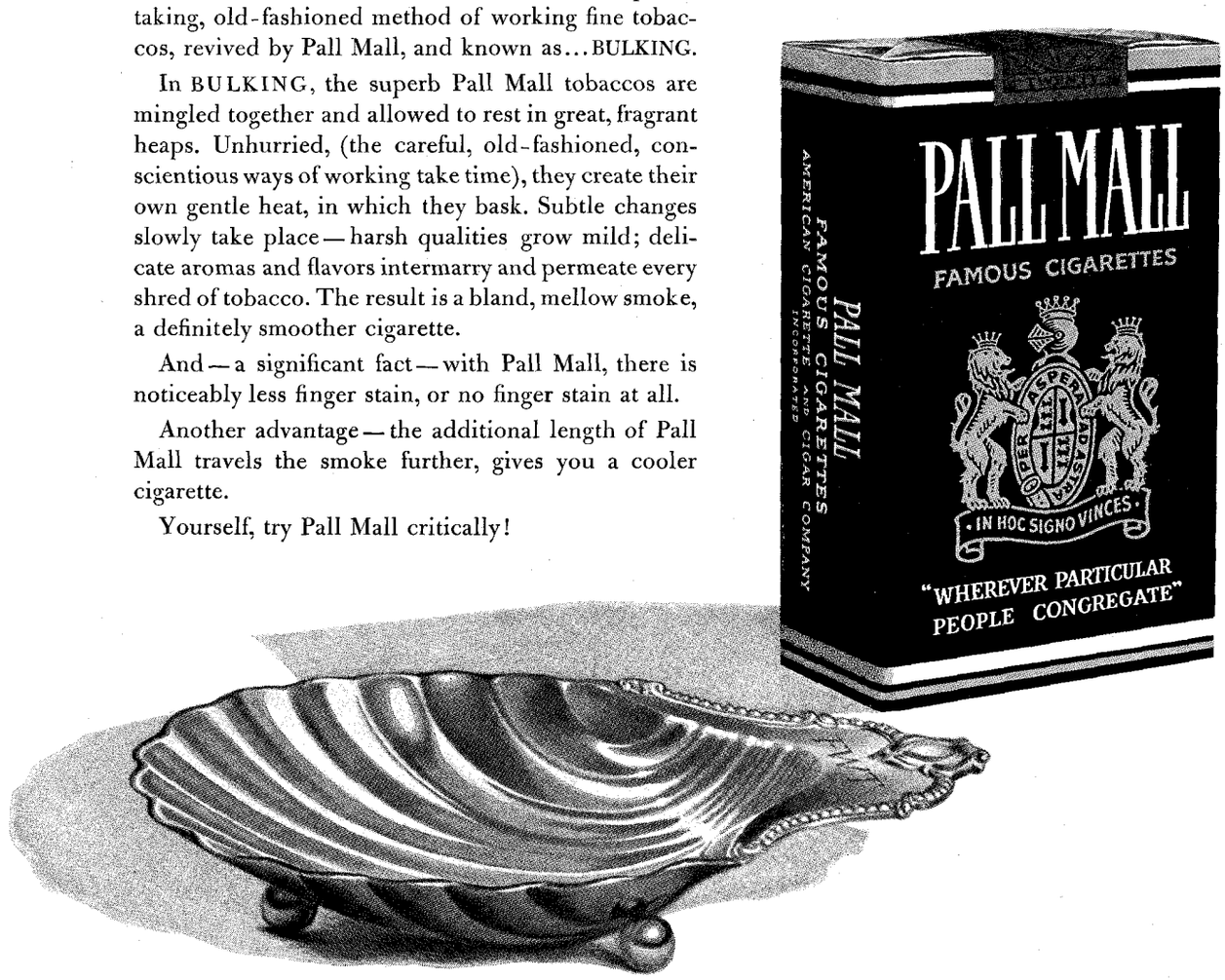
In BULKING, the superb Pall Mall tobaccos are mingled together and allowed to rest in great, fragrant heaps. Unhurried, (the careful, old-fashioned, conscientious ways of working take time), they create their own gentle heat, in which they bask. Subtle changes slowly take place — harsh qualities grow mild; delicate aromas and flavors intermarry and permeate every shred of tobacco. The result is a bland, mellow smoke, a definitely smoother cigarette.

And — a significant fact — with Pall Mall, there is noticeably less finger stain, or no finger stain at all.

Another advantage — the additional length of Pall Mall travels the smoke further, gives you a cooler cigarette.

Yourself, try Pall Mall critically!



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"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

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Common Sense and Cancer

by Isaac F. Marcosson

(Member Advisory Council New York City Cancer Committee)

Taboo and terror have long invested cancer. More than any other disease, it has suffered from the ban of silence. The word itself is a sort of pariah in the common vocabulary, invoking the picture of long-drawn agony and lingering death. People are prone to talk avidly about their operations but they are strangely aloof when it comes to cancer. There seems to be a widespread idea that cancer, somehow, is a disgraceful disease, touched with a certain stigma. Thousands have succumbed to it largely because of fear and superstition. Families still implore doctors to keep the dread name off the death certificates of their lost ones. When a prominent man dies of cancer the newspapers frequently report that he "passed away after a long illness." Many magazine editors shy from publishing articles about cancer because "it is an unpleasant subject."

Those who are so fearful about discussing cancer, even when it has a poignant significance for them, do not realize that some of the outstanding figures in history have been cancer victims. The tragic toll includes Napoleon Bonaparte, the second German Kaiser, Gladstone, President U. S. Grant, James Russell Lowell, Thomas De Quincey, Sun Yat-sen, and E. H. Harriman.

What many people do not know is that Grover Cleveland developed cancer of the jaw a few months after his second inauguration. It was a critical period in our fiscal history. A special session of Congress had been called to avert widespread financial danger, and possible disaster, by the repeal of the silver clause in the Sherman Act. The President's presence in Washington was imperative. Furthermore, it was highly important that the nation be kept ignorant of the physical crisis that confronted him. One of the most dramatic episodes in all cancer history followed.

To guarantee secrecy an operation was performed on the President on board Commodore E. C. Benedict's yacht "Oneida" anchored in the middle of Buzzard's Bay. Dr. W. W. Keen, one of the most eminent surgeons of his time, removed part of Mr. Cleveland's jaw bone. An artificial jaw, made of vulcanized rubber, was fitted in. There was no impairment of the President's speech. He was able to go to Washington where he carried on the successful fight for repeal. This operation was kept secret for years because there was no reason for publicity. Mr. Cleveland survived the operation fifteen years without the slightest indication of a return of the cancer. He died of rheumatism of the heart. It was one of the many instances that cancer can be cured if treated in its early stages. Fear and delay are cancer's chief allies.

The conspiracy of silence long operated against the dissemination of the knowledge which is such a vital factor in the war on cancer. If the conquest of the disease is to be achieved—and research is no longer groping in the dark—fear must be supplanted by candor. There must be a realistic attitude towards a dreadfully realistic killer whose victims are exceeded only in number by heart disease.

What this whole cancer business requires is a common sense attitude towards it. Men and women must be freed from the old, blind, almost paralyzing fear by hearing the truth about cancer, by realizing that it can be discussed freely and frankly, that it can be controlled. The control campaign of the American Society for the Control of Cancer, its Women's Field Army, and other allied groups, is carrying the light, embodied in the slogan: "Early Cancer Is Curable. Fight It With Knowledge" into the domain where once fear and darkness prevailed.

Those wishing free pamphlets on cancer control, or those who are interested in supporting the fight against this disease may secure full information by writing the American Society for the Control of Cancer, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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OF ALL THINGS

MOLOTOFF disposes of the rumor that there is a rift between Soviet Russia and the Reich. Nothing can break the historic friendship of the two countries, which has continued unbroken for almost a year.

•

Hitler has found a good way to keep the little Balkans quiet. Everybody who behaves himself gets a nice, juicy piece of Rumania.

•

Most congressmen do not know what position it is safe to take upon conscription. To expose them to such an explosive issue in a campaign year is cruelty to aspirants.

•

The first Gallup political poll since the conventions gave Willkie a small lead in electoral votes. On the other hand, it must be remembered that he had not yet felt the devastating effect of Al Smith's support.

•

This is not a political campaign, Willkie says, but "a crusade for the preservation of the American way of life." He has already found the secret of Alf Landon's success.

•

The State government is making one of those periodic attempts to rid Saratoga of gambling. Our officials cling to the curious superstition that tourists go there for fresh air and a drink of water.

•

It remains to be seen whether Ed Flynn can fill Farley's shoes, but one thing is certain. He will never equal Jim as a guess conductor.

•

Our bonds of friendship with Canada are cemented more firmly than ever before. Our citizens will never forget that in our hour of suffering and despair, the good neighbor sent us down a pleasant cold wind.

•

Hiram Johnson of California is running for senator in three party primaries. He may not be a liberal, just as Roosevelt claims, but he certainly is broadminded.

•

There seems no doubt that Secretary Hull scored a great personal triumph at the Havana conference. Incomplete returns indicate that he has carried the solid South America.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

Why do they drink Rum in the Tropics?
You'll know why after you taste a Rum Collins
made with Rum Siboney!
RUM SIBONEY
4 YEARS OLD
Rum
SIBONEY
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Siboney Rum Collins
1 tablespoon sugar
Juice of 1 lemon
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Shake with cracked ice . . .
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. . . add 2 cubes ice and
fill with charged water.
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A REPORTER AT LARGE

PARIS POSTSCRIPT—II

As late as Monday, May 27th, people in Paris still believed that the Allies stood a chance of closing the gap between their southern and northern armies. That evening, Pierre Comert, chief of the Anglo-American section of the Ministry of Information, announced at a press conference I went to that operations in the north were "proceeding normally" and that the high command expected the Battle of Flanders to last at least another two weeks. I slept well that night, awakened only a few times by moderate anti-aircraft fire. In the morning, Toutou, the cashier at my hotel, stopped me as I was going out and said, "Did you hear Reynaud on the radio? The King of the Belgians has surrendered his army." She had been crying.

I walked about the streets stupidly the rest of the morning. I had the map well in mind. The Belgians, by their surrender, had laid bare the left flank of the Franco-British armies in Flanders, and I thought the armies would soon be surrounded. Perhaps the French and British in the north would become demoralized and surrender. If they had been seeking an excuse to quit, they had a good one now. People on the streets were saying to each other, "And that isn't the worst of it. All the refugees probably are spies." They did not seem depressed. A fellow wheeling a pushcart loaded with wood stopped and shouted to a colleague on the other side of the street, "Say, old fellow, did you hear the news? Ain't we just taking it on the potato!" In his voice was a note of pride.

I walked around the Place Vendôme a couple of times; the luxury-shop windows had for me a reassuring association of tourists and normal times. Charvet was showing summer ties. I bought a couple from an elegant and hollow-chested salesman. I didn't want to talk to him about the war because he looked sad enough already, but he began to talk about it himself. "We are an indolent people, Monsieur," he said pleasantly. "We need occurrences like this to wake us up." Paris reminded me of that conversational commonplace you hear when someone has died: "Why, I saw him a couple of days ago and he looked perfectly well." Paris looked perfectly well, but I wondered if it might not be better for a city in such danger to show some agitation. Perhaps Paris was dying.

That night, when the shock of the Belgian surrender had begun to wear off, I had a late dinner with two American friends in a little Marseillais restaurant on the Rue Montmartre. We were the only customers. We had Mediterranean rouget burned in brandy over twigs of fennel. Although all three of us knew that the war was lost, we could not believe it. The rouget tasted too much as good rouget always had; the black-browed proprietor was too normally solicitous; even in the full bosom and strong legs of the waitress there was the assurance that this life in Paris would never end. Faith in France was now purely a *mystique*; a good dinner was our profane form of communion.

INCREDIBLY, beginning the day after the Belgian surrender, there was a great wave of exhilaration, based on the heroic action of the British and French armies fighting their way out of Flanders. People with relatives in the northern armies had, when they heard of the capitulation, resigned themselves to the capture or death of the trapped men. The German government, in radio broadcasts, had threatened that even if the Allies were able to make a stand at Dunkirk the Germans would sink every boat that tried to embark troops. It was one German threat that didn't come off. People in Paris began to receive telegrams from relatives who had safely arrived in England. Several of my acquaintances received such messages, so we assumed that the number of troops saved was very large.

My old friends Henri and Eglée had not worried about their son Jean-Pierre, because, having seen him on leave since the Germans drove the wedge between the Allied armies, they knew he was south of the Somme. But Henri's brother Paul, who at fifty had been called back into service as a lieutenant of artillery,

"Please, Martin, can't you lean somewhere else?"

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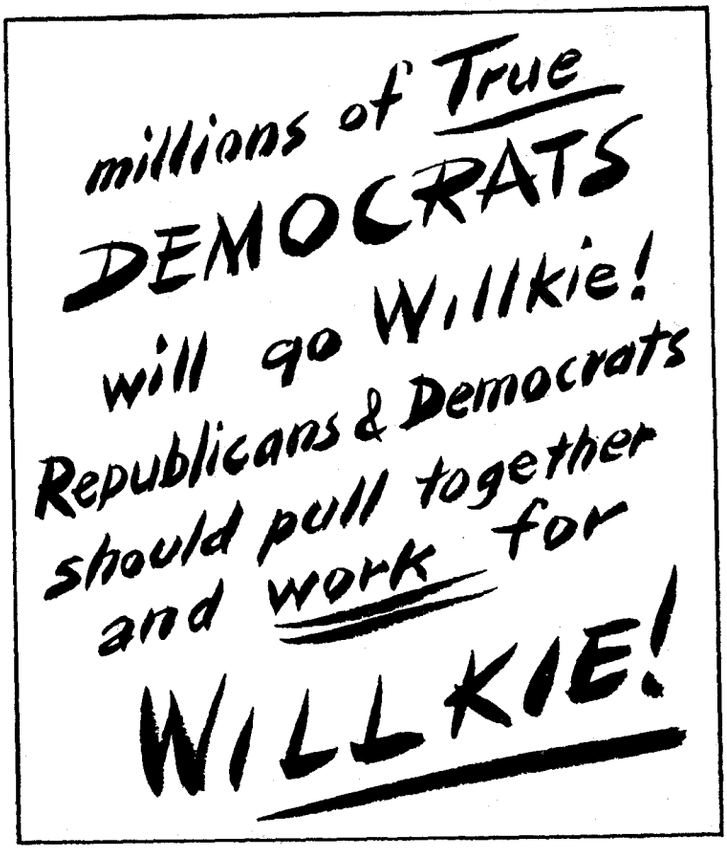
(Message No. 2 of a Series)



Democrats fed up with confused issues and broken promises, fed up with autocracy, Third Term, one-man convention, and the tossing overboard of *real* Democrats—let's go Willkie!

•

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was with the army in Flanders. One evening shortly after the Belgian surrender, I climbed up to the Rue Gabrielle, just under the crest of Montmartre, to visit Henri and Eglée, and found them in a happy mood, because Paul had reached England. I tried to talk to Eglée about what she and her husband would do if the Germans turned toward Paris after they finished the Dunkirk job. Her answer was simply that she had an order from the Galeries Lafayette for five dozen of the soldiers' muslin money belts she manufactured at home and that after she completed the order she would have to wait eight days for payment, so how could she think of leaving Paris? As for Henri, he said he now constituted the whole office force of the textile-design company he worked for and couldn't leave without giving a month's notice. Peacetime thought patterns were mercifully persistent.

Everyone now was doing his best to forget that the Allied forces had had too few tanks and guns to begin with, and that now the evacuated armies had lost what little they had. We consoled ourselves with stories of individual heroism and with the thought that the Allies, after all, controlled the sea. Only when the evacuation was completed did the enthusiastic French suddenly take cognizance of the fact that there were no more British troops on their side of the Channel. As if spontaneously, the German gibe, "England will fight to the last Frenchman," swam into the popular consciousness and began to seem like a portent.

TWO kinds of person are consoling in a dangerous time: those who are completely courageous, and those who are more frightened than you are. Fernand, the night porter at my hotel, was completely courageous. "Well, what do you know?" he would ask me when I came home at night. Before I answered, he would say, "We will have them yet, the camels. It takes a few defeats to get our blood up. They poison our lives by provoking the anti-aircraft into making a noise at night. A surprise is preparing itself for those cocos!" It was a pleasure to see him during the frequent early-morning *alertes*. Hearing the sirens, he would go out into the small park in front of the hotel and, shielding his eyes with his hands, search the sky for airplanes. Seeing none, he would shake his head disgustedly and shout up to the female guests at the windows of the hotel, "Do not derange yourselves, Mesdames, it is for nothing again!"

The most frightened man I saw in France was a certain well-known French journalist who wrote under various names in a dozen Parisian newspapers of varying political color. He had a broad, paraffin-textured face which, when he was alarmed, appeared to be on the point of melting. Long before the offensive began in May, he had tried to explain to me why Laval, the appeaser, and Paul Faure, the left-of-Blum Socialist, together with Georges Bonnet, representative of the great banking house of Lazard Frères, were all planning a move to get rid of Paul Reynaud in order to liquidate the war as quickly as possible. They wanted to put Daladier back in Reynaud's place because they knew that as long as Daladier headed the government there would be no effectual war—that eventually the war would die of dry rot, which was what ninety per cent of the French politicians and all the French Communists, along with the Germans, wanted. I had asked naïvely why Laval didn't try to become Premier himself. "Because, of course," my journalist friend had said impatiently, "then everybody would *know* he was going to make peace. Then there would be mutiny in the Army." Personally, he used to say, he was a decided partisan of both Reynaud, who wanted to fight, and of Laval, who wanted to make peace. You were always running up against things like that in French politics.

When I met my journalist at lunch one day the first week of June, he was in as spectacular a funk as I have ever observed. "What a terrible mistake to have provoked those people, my dear!" he shrieked. "What madness to concern ourselves with Poland! Laval was so right to have wished to conciliate Mussolini. I am going to give my dog a lethal injection. He could never stand the nervous shock of those bombs that whistle. Working people are so insouciant. They know they have us in their power. I cannot get a man to dig a trench in my garden for me until tomorrow afternoon, and the bombers may be here any minute!" As he stuffed asparagus into his mouth, large tears welled out of his eyes. "Peace, quickly, quickly!" he shouted, after swallowing the asparagus.

SUNDAY, June 2nd, I visited the country home of a French newspaper publisher who lived with his large, intelligent family near the town of Melun, thirty miles south of Paris. The countryside, hot and rich and somnolent, and the family, sitting on the lawn after a chicken dinner, made me think of Sundays on Long Island. It was as if no war had ever been. We sat around in lawn chairs, fighting against drowsiness, talking unintently, resisting the efforts of one woman to get up a game like charades. We spoke with no originality whatever of all the mistakes all the appeasers in the world had made, beginning with Ethiopia. We repeated to one another how Italy could have been squelched in 1935, how a friendly Spanish government could have been maintained in power in 1936, how the Germans could have been prevented from fortifying the Rhineland in the same year. We talked of the Skoda tanks, built according to French designs in Czecho-Slovakia, that were now ripping the French army apart. The Germans had never known how to build good tanks until Chamberlain and Daladier presented them with the Skoda plant. These matters had become for every European capable of thought a sort of litany, to be recited almost automatically over and over again.

WOMEN in the train which took me back to town that evening were talking about the leaflets German planes had dropped, promising to bombard Paris the next day. The word "bombardment" had a terrible sound, evoking pictures of Warsaw and Rotterdam. The train arrived at the Gare de Lyon after eleven. There were no taxis. In the last month they had become increasingly scarce even in the daytime; the drivers simply refused to risk their necks in the pitch-black streets at night. I could not distinguish one street from another. There was a cluster of dim, moving lights at a distance, like a luminous jellyfish seen by another fish at the bottom of the sea. I started toward the lights and tripped over a plank, skinning my knee. When I reached them, I found they came from the electric lanterns of a group of policemen who were stopping pedestrians and examining their papers. They were polite and quiet. One of them told me how to get to my hotel, which took me almost an hour.

The promised bombardment came at about one o'clock the next afternoon, an anticlimax to its advance notices. It was preceded by a tremendous noise

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of motors in airplanes too high to be seen, and by the angry hammering of anti-aircraft guns. Technically, I was later given to understand, it was, from the German standpoint, a very good bombardment. Two hundred and fifty planes participated, the largest number that had been assembled for a single operation in this war. The bombing, considering the height at which the planes flew—twenty thousand feet—was commendably accurate. However, the results looked nothing like the photographs of Warsaw and Rotterdam, because Paris was reasonably well defended. "The anti-aircraft fire was well nourished," the French said, "so the bombers stayed high." The pursuit squadrons, although they failed to intercept the bombers on their way to Paris, were on their tails so closely that the Germans dropped their bombs quickly and left. If there had been no defending batteries or planes, as at Rotterdam, the bombers would have loafed along a few hundred feet above the main thoroughfares and dropped their high explosives like roach powder. The bombs hit the huge Citroën factory on the Quai de Javel and knocked down a few scattered apartment houses, but the total effect on public morale was tonic. Forty-eight hours after the bombardment, M. Dautry, the Minister of War Industry, took a group of correspondents through the Citroën plant, which had been the chief German objective. There we found a smell of burnt paint, and a great deal of broken glass on the floor, but no serious damage to the great automobile-assembly lines or the part of the plant where shells were made. The women making shells worked on as calmly as girls in an American candy factory.

The day we visited the factory, June 5th, was also the day the Germans began their second attack, the push southward across the Somme that was to carry them to the Spanish frontier. "It is the beginning of the second round," Pierre Comert announced at the press conference that evening. None of us could admit to ourselves that the war might be a two-round knockout. The French would surely be dislodged from the Somme-Aisne line, we conceded, but it would take weeks to do it. Then they would defend Paris and the line of the Seine, then the line of the Loire. By that time, perhaps, the British would be able to do something. Even the United States might begin to understand what was at stake. But this fight was not to have even a decent second round. The rest after the first round had

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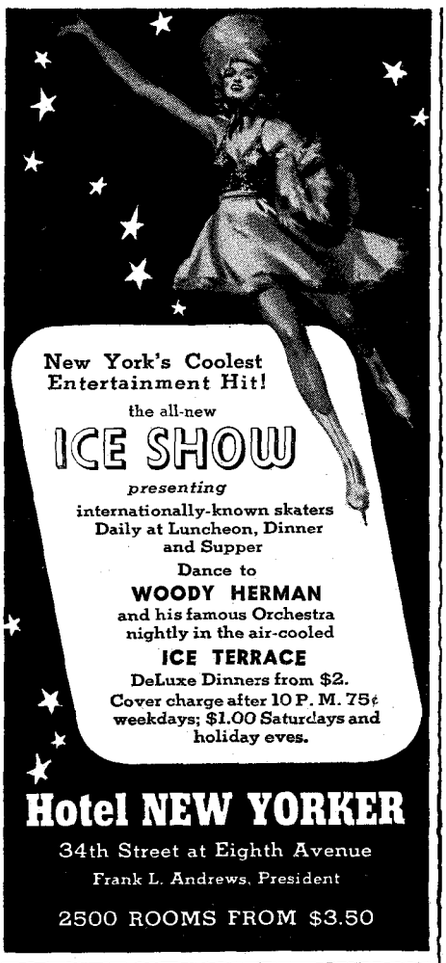

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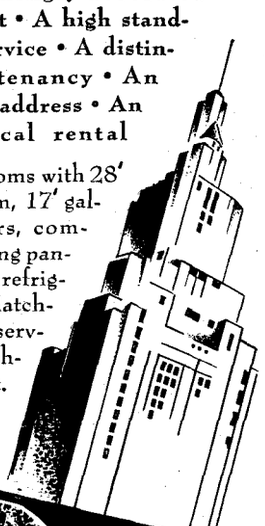

not been long enough; the French were still out on their feet. Unarmed and outnumbered, they were led by two old men who were at loggerheads. As for Reynaud, he had called into his government Ybarnegaray and Marin, two reactionaries whose only surface virtue was a blustering show of war spirit. Raised to power by Socialist votes, Reynaud had turned toward men whom he trusted because they were of his own Rightist background—Pétain, Mandel, Ybarnegaray, Marin. All his Rightist friends except Mandel joined in smothering him. They felt that by making war against Hitler he was betraying his own class.

When I got back to my hotel that night, tired and discouraged, Fernand the porter, looking radiant, said to me, "What they must be digesting now, the Boches!" He showed me a copy of *Le Temps*, which said the German losses were stupefying. All the attacks had been "contained," but the French Army had executed a slight retreat in good order.

BY now there were perceptible changes in the daily life of Paris. There was no telephone service in the hotels, so you had to make a special trip afoot every time you wanted to tell somebody something. Taxis were harder than ever to find. My hotel, which was typical, had six floors. At the beginning of the war in September the proprietor had closed the fourth, fifth, and sixth floors. Now I was the only guest on the second floor, and there were perhaps a half dozen on the first. The staff, naturally, dwindled like the clientele. Every day somebody said goodbye to me. One by one the waiters left, and then it was the headwaiter, who had been kept on after all of his subordinates had been dismissed. The next day it was Toutou, who left the bookkeeping to the housekeeper. A couple of days later, the housekeeper herself left. Finally, there were only a porter and one chambermaid in the daytime, and Fernand at night. "Perhaps, if the line holds, there will be an upturn in business," the proprietor said.

It was at about this time that my restaurateur friend, M. Bisque, with whom I used to make the rounds of the markets, decided to close his restaurant. It was not that the Germans worried him, he explained to me, but there were no more customers, and also his wine dealer was pressing him to pay his bill. M. Bisque, and his wife, who kept the books, and his daughter Yvette, who possessed the *tour de main* for making a soufflé stand up on a flat plate, and his son, who had been an apprentice in the kitchen of the Café de Paris, and Marie-Louise, the waitress, were all leaving the city to run the canteen in a munitions factory south of Fontainebleau. I wished them Godspeed.

For a few days I had lacked the heart to visit Henri and Eglée. Then Henri had come to my hotel to tell me joyfully they had had another letter from Jean-Pierre, who said he had been working twenty-one hours a day repairing tanks for his division. On Sunday, June 9th, which was a warm and drowsy day, I returned Henri's call. On the way I stopped at a florist shop and bought some fine pink roses. The woman in the shop said that shipments from the provinces were irregular, but that fortunately the crisis came at a season when the Paris suburbs were producing plenty of flowers. "We have more goods than purchasers," she said, laughing. When I arrived at the apartment, I found Eglée busy making her muslin money belts. Henri was amusing himself by reading a 1906 edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, one of his favorite possessions, and drinking a *vin ordinaire* in which he professed to find a slight resemblance to Ermitage. "This time I think the line will hold," Henri said. "I served under Pétain at Verdun. He will know how to stop them. Only I don't like that talk of infiltration near Forges-les-Eaux."

"Infiltration" was a grim word in this war. The communiqué never admitted that the Germans had pierced the French line, but invariably announced, "Motorized elements have made an infiltration. They have been surrounded and will be destroyed." Two days later the "infiltration" became a salient, from which new infiltrations radiated. When I left the apartment, Henri walked down as far as the Place des Abbesses with me. He wanted to buy a newspaper. As we stood saying goodbye, we heard a series of reports, too loud and too widely spaced for anti-aircraft. "Those sound like naval guns mounted on railroad cars," Henri said. "The Boches can't be so far away, then." That was the last time I saw Henri.

AT six o'clock that evening, I went to another Anglo-American press conference at the Hôtel Continental. We were told that the Ministry of Information was planning to provide us with

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safe-conduct passes to use in case we left Paris. That made us suspect that the government would move very soon. Then M. Comert told us that Jean Provoust, who had just been appointed Minister of Information, wanted to talk to all the American correspondents. M. Provoust, the dynamic publisher of *Paris-Soir*, received us in his office with the factitious cordiality of a newspaper owner about to ask his staff to take a pay cut. He said that he didn't want the United States to think the situation was hopeless. "From a military standpoint," he said, "it is improving steadily. Disregard reports of the government quitting Paris. We will have many more chats in this room." John Lloyd, of the Associated Press, who was president of the Anglo-American Press Association, waited to see Provoust after the talk and invited him to be guest of honor at a luncheon the correspondents were having the next Wednesday. The Minister said he would be charmed, and then hurried away.

On my way home I saw a number of garbage trucks parked in the middle of the streets to balk airplane landings. Evidently Paris would be defended. I didn't think, after Provoust's talk, that I would have to leave Paris immediately, but the situation looked so bad that I decided to begin getting my passport in order.

Early the next morning, Monday, June 10th, I set out in a taxi—which the porter had taken two hours to find for me—to go to the Spanish Consulate General to obtain a transit visa. This was easy to get if you already had the Portuguese visa, and luckily I already had one which was good for a year. My taxi-driver came from Lorraine, where, he said, people knew what patriotism meant. He had fought the other war, four years of it. The country needed men like Poincaré, a Lorrainer, now. "The politicians have sold us out," he said. "And that Leopold," he shouted, "there is a fellow they should have got onto long ago!" Now, he expected, the Germans would come to Paris. But it would be defended, like Madrid. "They will come here, the animals," he said, "but they will leave plenty of feathers! Imagine a tank trying to upset the building of the Crédit Lyonnais! Big buildings are the best defence against those machines." He did not know that the real-estate men would never encourage such an unprofitable use of their property. "Even ten centimes on the franc is something," the rich men were already telling one an-

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other, "when one has a great many francs."

From the Spanish Consulate I went to the Prefecture of Police, where I asked for a visa which would permit me to leave France. A woman police official, a sort of chief clerk, said, "Leave your passport and come back for it in not less than four days." "But by that time, Madame," I said, "the Germans may be here and the Prefecture may not exist." Naturally, I didn't leave the passport, but I was foolish to question the permanency of the Prefecture. The French civil servants are the one class unaffected by revolution or conquest. The Germans were to come, as it turned out, but the Prefecture was to stay open, its personnel and routine unchanged. Its great accumulation of information about individual Frenchmen, so useful for the apprehension of patriots and the blackmailing of politicians, was to be at the disposal of the Germans as it had been at Philippe-Egalité's and Napoleon the Little's and Stavisky's. The well-fed young *agents* were to continue on the same beats, unaffected by the end of the war they had never had to fight in. Yesterday the Prefecture had obeyed the orders of M. Mandel, who hated Germans. Now it would obey Herr Abetz, who hated Jews. Change of administration. *Tant pis.*

AFTERWARD I stopped at the Crillon bar, where I met a Canadian general I knew. "The French still have a fine chance," he said. "I am leaving for Tours as soon as I finish this sandwich." I walked over to the Continental to see if M. Comert had any fresh news. As I arrived at the foot of the staircase leading to Comert's office, I met another correspondent on his way out. "If you're going up to the Ministry," he said, "don't bother. The government left Paris this morning." Then he began to chuckle. "You remember when John Lloyd stopped Provoust last night and invited him to the Wednesday luncheon?" he asked. Yes, I remembered. "Well," he said, "Provoust was in a hurry because he was leaving for Tours in a few minutes." I said maybe we had better leave too, and we did. —A. J. LIEBLING

(*This is the second of two articles on the fall of the French Republic.*)

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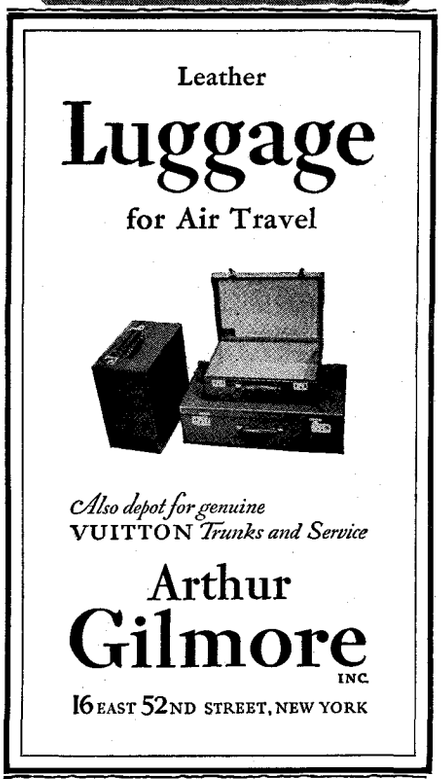

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Some Like Them Cold

THE Rodgers-and-Hart musical comedy, "The Boys from Syracuse," has been revised, not very successfully, as summer-weight amusement for the films. It seems almost more than one can bear to have to put up with two Allan Joneses and two Joe Penners during the dog days. And what might seem sprightly and even gay in crisp football weather is somehow too much to stand in one of the hottest spurts of the year. When you are yearning to bundle off to the beach and relax under an umbrella, the sight of Martha Raye working like a beaver is oppressive. Music-lovers who never forget a tune, even when they want to, will remember some of the songs in this adaptation—"Sing for Your Supper" and "This Can't Be Love," for instance.

However, if you can stand seeing double, and don't mind hearing American slang in ancient Greece, and can even smile feebly over chariots equipped with taximeters, you may be able to totter out of your nearest air-cooled theatre with a sultry sort of satisfaction. One more word of warning: Allan Jones sings a duet with himself. It's a trick.

JEAN GABIN is a sweet, old-fashioned, pre-war murderer in "Daybreak," the new French film. From the very beginning, Jules Berry is ye olde corpse, but a flashback revives him long enough to make a story out of him. It's all about a couple of orphans and a villain who is mean to dogs. And while M. Gabin turns to murder eventually, he is as sweet as pie doing it, and never has a nasty thought. Jacqueline Laurent plays one of those French girls who are too naïve for their own good, and finally drives her man just about crazy. M. Gabin is better as an honest workman with a touch too much sand in his lungs than he was as the Casey Jones who went berserk a few months ago in "The Human Beast." "Daybreak" is very well worth seeing and has one of the best closing shots that you'll see in a month of closing shots. Marcel Carne did the directing and had his heart in it. The sets are happily unreminiscent of the things one reads in the newspapers nowadays.

WELL, it seems there was a date, 1585, and guess who was there—Errol Flynn, all dressed up like a privateer, and Queen Elizabeth, looking very much like Flora Robson. There were also four Spaniards who talked better slang than you ever will, and a Cause lying around in the offing; it's like something out of Wodehouse, what with the funny names and all. There is quite a bit of a Douglas Fairbanks kind of fighting in the palace, and several spots of choral work by the sailors. But it seems that some people just have to get their history this way and that's all there is to it. The whole thing's called "The Sea Hawk."

"ANDY HARDY MEETS DEBUTANTE"—and if you like moral lessons, this is a good one. If you don't like the Hardys and want to be a fanatic about it, go ahead and be one. Andy gets in trouble, and Judy Garland, who looks thinner and doesn't sing as much, helps him get both in and out. The family is in New York this time and Andy's troubles are more expensive than usual. Clyde Willson's bad little face is a welcome relief. —SALLY BENSON

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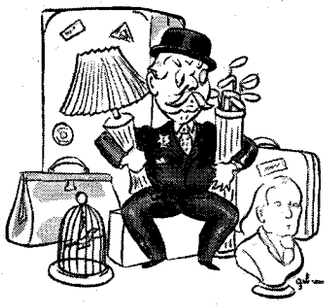

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SARATOGA
Race Meet

STAKE EVENTS
Sat., Aug. 10
SARATOGA SPECIAL
THE ALABAMA
Wed., Aug. 14
THE SANFORD
Fri., Aug. 16
CHAMPLAIN HANDICAP
Sat., Aug. 17
THE TRAVERS

JULY 29—AUG. 31
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THE RACE TRACK

Looking Backward and Forward

IT'S a pretty sad commentary on the new philosophy the pari-mutuels brought to racing that, just because attendance and betting during the opening days at Saratoga weren't up to Empire City's figures, almost everyone supposed the bottom had fallen out of the Spa. It hasn't. Actually, more people were at the Saratoga track last week than there were during the first six days a year ago. Of course, if you're given to foreboding, you can wonder whether the Racing Commission won't be asked to sanction a new race course on Long Island or in Westchester where meetings could be held during August to catch the great number of metropolitan bettors who rarely get to Saratoga. As a matter of fact, the Commission already has been asked, unofficially. No one can say how long Saratoga could last against such competition. Anyhow, drink your spring water while you may.

EVERYTHING was bright for the opening, including the canoe on the lake, which had a new coat of blue paint. The two-year-olds were particularly interesting. To start off, Mrs. Payne Whitney's Monday Lunch, a brother of Hash, was nimbler than he had been at Belmont Park or Empire City, and beat a field of twenty easily. Then George Widener's Overdrawn surprised everybody by winning the Flash, at 16–1, from Grand Party and High Breeze, who seems to have a Charley horse, or some such leg ailment. A fair guess is that Overdrawn, a limber, rangy animal, won't develop into as good a horse as Jack High (his sire), Eight Thirty, or Jamestown, all of whom, at one time or another, also won this race for Widener. Overdrawn didn't distinguish himself especially in the United States Hotel Stakes on Saturday. His only contribution, so far as I could see, was slamming Monday Lunch and High Breeze at the turn off the backstretch. The race was won by Attention, who was foaled on Mrs. Parker Corning's farm near Albany, and as he gave weight to every other horse in the race, the performance puts him at the top of the two-year-old list in my book.

You may remember that Attention was badly beaten in the Arlington Futurity. The track was muddy that day and he sprawled about in the going. So did Mrs. Whitney's Swing and Sway, who finished last, but won a race over a fast track on his return to Saratoga. Mrs. Dodge Sloane's Mettlesome was also mired in the Arlington Futurity, something which might be worth remembering the next time he starts.

I haven't much to say about another of Mrs. Sloane's two-year-olds except that I like the way he got his name. He's by Brokers Tip out of On Hand. When Mrs. Sloane was thinking up names for her young horses last winter, she asked her broker to christen this one. He and his friends on the floor of the Stock Exchange spent the rest of the day—it was one of those days—fussing over the colt's pedigree, and finally came up with Market Wise. Among the names of Mrs. Sloane's animals, her favorite is Down Six, a bridge-player's brain child, given to a colt sired by Psychic Bid out of Let Her Fly.

AFTER Eight Thirty was beaten in the Butler, I suggested that he might need a rest. Just for that, he won the Massachusetts Handicap and galloped off with the Wilson Stakes, although the Wilson really was no trick because the only other starter in the race was old Esposa. Eight Thirty looked like such a natural for the Saratoga Handicap last Saturday that I thought I'd have to back down for good and all. However, he couldn't take the lead, as he likes to do, and finished third. Perhaps 129 pounds was too much for him, or perhaps it was just that a couple of other horses, Sickle T. and Hash, ran too fast.

I don't suppose Eight Thirty will run again until the Whitney Stakes, during the last week of the meeting. In this he may meet Challedon, whose owner doesn't mind running him in $3,000 races. Esposa is practically sure to be in the Whitney; she's been in it regularly since 1935, and nobody would be surprised if she was still at it a couple of seasons from now. Incidentally, Sickle T. has come along remarkably recently; he's won his last four starts, all in less than a month. It will be interesting, though, to see how well he runs under higher weights; he carried only 110 pounds in the Saratoga Handicap.

THE one thing that can be said about those three-year-old fillies who ran in the Test Stakes is that they are as inconsistent as this year's crop of three-year-old colts. You wouldn't be-

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lieve it possible that Rosetown, who beat Call to Colors earlier in the week, could do so badly as she did in the Test, and it's just as surprising that Damaged Goods, who won the Acorn and the Oaks at Belmont Park, could have so little speed, and that Fairy Chant showed so little stamina. I wasn't upset by the failure of Now What. She has speed, even if she isn't what she was a year ago, and don't be astonished if she pops home first in a race at six furlongs one of these bright afternoons. I daresay Piquet, who won the Test at 21–1, will be favorite for the Alabama Stakes, but that's as far as I'll go at guessing the race.

SARATOGA'S *grande semaine* begins this weekend with the Saratoga Special —for which, by the way, Attention isn't eligible—and the Alabama Stakes. The Sanford will be run on August 14th, the Champlain Handicap on August 16th, and the big day will be next Saturday, when the North American Steeplechase, the Spinaway, and the Travers will be decided.

NOTES ON AN OLD PAPER CUP: Mrs. Elizabeth Lewis has engaged her fourth trainer since April—Guy Bedwell this time.... George Widener's filly Swabia, who morning watchers thought was better than Level Best, hurt a leg while galloping and won't run for weeks.... Horsemen in New England have started a fund to buy up and pension old and unfit horses. Colonel Martingale wonders what, if the fund gets to be as large as it should be, the tracks up there are going to use for race horses.

—AUDAX MINOR

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INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT

[*From "The Hairy Ape," by Eugene O'Neill (Modern Library edition)*]

The chorused word has a brazen, metallic quality as if their throats were phonograph horns. It is followed by a general uproar of hard, barking laughter.

—*Page 190.*

The word has a brazen, metallic quality as if their throats were phonograph horns. It is followed by a chorus of hard, barking laughter. —*Page 216.*

The word has a brazen, metallic quality as if their throats were phonograph horns. It is followed by a chorus of hard, barking laughter. —*Page 217.*

The word has a brazen, metallic quality as if their throats were phonograph horns. It is followed by a chorus of hard, barking laughter.—*Page 218, and ditto a couple of other pages.*

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HOW TO WIN A SILVER FOX, AND LOSE IT

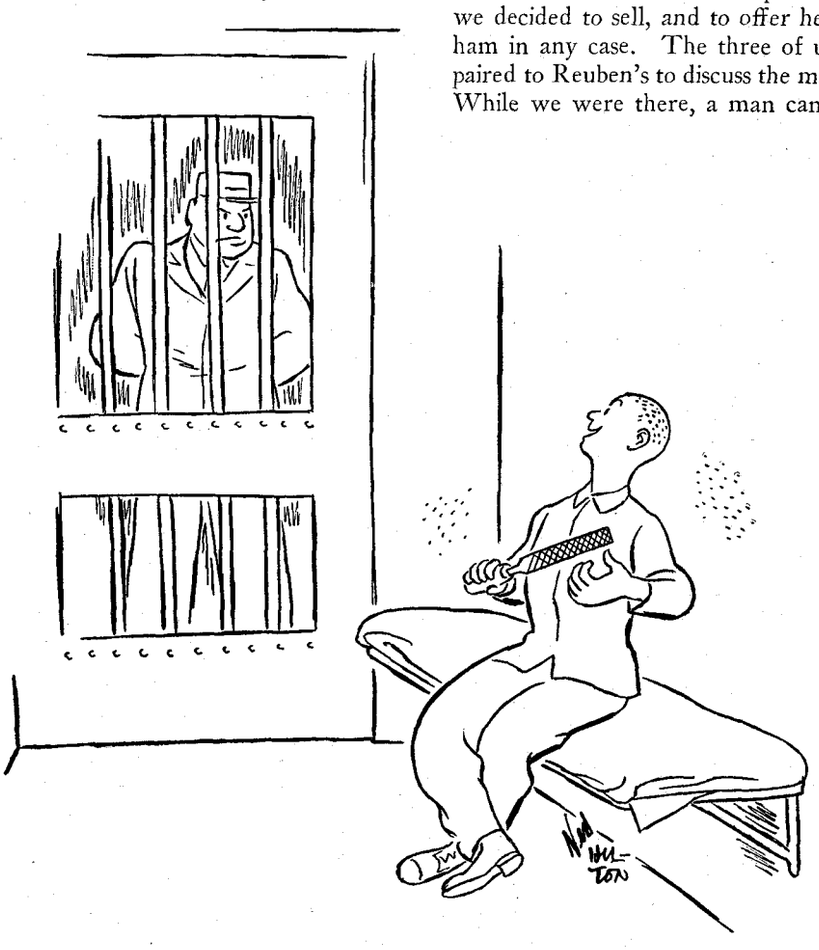
WHEN I read about women buying fur pieces long in advance of cold weather, I can't help feeling they are making a serious mistake. A fur piece is a difficult thing for a man, at least, to hold onto. I know, because I have an interest in a silver fox which I acquired during the spring and which I am quite sure will do me absolutely no good by the time winter rolls along. I never intended to wear it, of course; a dead silver fox has no more place in my wardrobe than a live one. I had tentatively planned, though, to lend it to appreciative young ladies in a manner once followed with some success by Frank Morgan in a movie I saw. He would drape his fur piece tenderly over a maiden's shoulders just before taking her to dinner and remove it deftly just before taking her home, often offending the girl but at least giving her something to think about. I doubt now whether I will ever have a chance to try out the Morgan method, since it is unhappily clear to me that I shall never see my fox again, much less pass it around. It was a beautiful thing, and the fact that I saw it for only a couple of hours doesn't make my memory of it any less distinct. I am setting down the details of the case now in the hope that they may prove helpful to any other young men who get their hands on silver foxes and who, unless they are considerably more careful than I was, will lose their grip before they can say "Jumps over the lazy dog."

To dispose of any misconceptions that may have arisen, let me state flatly that I got my silver fox honestly, and not from one of those cruising venders who prowl the side streets offering passers-by anything from a bolt of imported Harris tweed to a case of privately manufactured rye. I got my fox simply by attending a ball given for the Allies. It was a large party, and there were numerous booths flanking the ballroom, among them a large and handsome grab-bag counter loaded with prizes ranging from a package of cigarettes to a silver-fox fur piece. You paid a dollar, reached blindly into a wooden barrel, and pulled out a ticket. If your ticket was white, it had a number on it and you won the prize with the corresponding number. If your ticket was red and numberless, you won a package of Pall Malls. Then you usually bought another chance and won another pack of Pall Malls. The only prize-winner who seemed to be really pleased with his luck was a despondent man who won some Bromo-Seltzer and gratefully pressed it into immediate service.

I didn't get around to patronizing the grab-bag concession until about four in the morning. I found a friend of mine, a young hook-and-eye manufacturer, staring hopefully at the array of prizes, and we decided to do our grabbing as a team. Comforted by the realization that our money was going to a cause, we plunged into the sport enthusiastically, and within an hour and a half we had won an autographed book by Waldo Frank, two bottles of gin, a first-aid kit, a wooden bowl filled with dried herbs, an autographed photograph of Virginia Field, a sweater, a lady's nightgown (size 14), two pairs of silk stockings (size 9), three free treatments at a beauty salon, a box of assorted Bristol-Myers products, and enough packages of Pall Malls to stock a modest cigar counter specializing in Pall Malls. We were egged on during this time by a sympathetic young lady in a red, white, and blue getup who was standing behind the counter and who was a friend of my partner's. She kept thoughtfully arranging our loot in a pile behind the counter, out of our sight and within her reach.

It was about five forty-five when we began to try pointedly for the silver fox, which had been dangling prominently and elusively on a shelf for eight hours. The thought of winning it filled us with new vigor and we threw all our resources into the quest, acquiring in return countless cigarettes and a cooked ham. Finally, in the old gambling tradition, we had only fifty cents left apiece. We bought one last chance and drew No. 1091, which by then everyone knew represented the silver fox. Before I was aware of exactly what had happened, the lovely, warm thing was draped over my arm, and then, somehow, it was draped around the neck of the red, white, and blue girl, who was sidling toward an exit with the ham under one arm and Waldo Frank under the other.

My partner and I caught her in time and tried to reason with her in a firm, polite way. She maintained that since she had spent a couple of hours rooting for us, and since neither of us could wear the piece, it logically belonged to her. We pointed out, on the other hand, that our finances had taken a nasty beating and that we felt obliged either to keep the fox as a souvenir or to sell it in an effort to recoup. We even went so far as to offer her a third of the proceeds if we decided to sell, and to offer her the ham in any case. The three of us repaired to Reuben's to discuss the matter. While we were there, a man came by



"I've always been very particular about my nails."

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our table and said he'd pay five hundred dollars for our treasure. We laughed scornfully, and he went off to eat a Leonard Lyons on rye. We later regretted our disdainful attitude, since his offer topped our only subsequent one by four hundred and seventy-two dollars and fifty cents. My friend and I took the girl home and, in a moment of sublime weakness, agreed to let her keep our fur overnight. She seemed sincerely grateful, and kissed us both lightly on the cheek.

I HAVE seen the fur piece only once since that morning months ago. I was boarding a Fifth Avenue bus and the girl was on the sidewalk, looking smart as a whip in my silver fox. I tried to get off the platform when I spotted her, but we were under way and, besides, a matron wearing two red foxes was pushing me down the aisle. As we rode off, the girl waved at me gaily, and the silver fox jiggled a little. Meanwhile, my partner in the deal, who knew the girl better than I did, had been trying persistently but fruitlessly to get in touch with her; she seemed to be singularly inaccessible. We decided at last to call on her unexpectedly one afternoon and seize our property, but she must have been tipped off. She received us cordially, made some drinks, chatted glibly about the fur, and insisted that we search through her whole apartment before informing us that her sister was wearing the piece and probably wouldn't be home till after dinner. A couple of days later the red, white, and blue girl got sick, and we naturally had to refrain from upsetting her at a time like that. She was in bed for a long spell, and had no sooner recovered than she closed her apartment and dashed off to New England for the summer. I hope before she left she had the decency to pack our fox away carefully and scatter a few moth balls around it. —E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

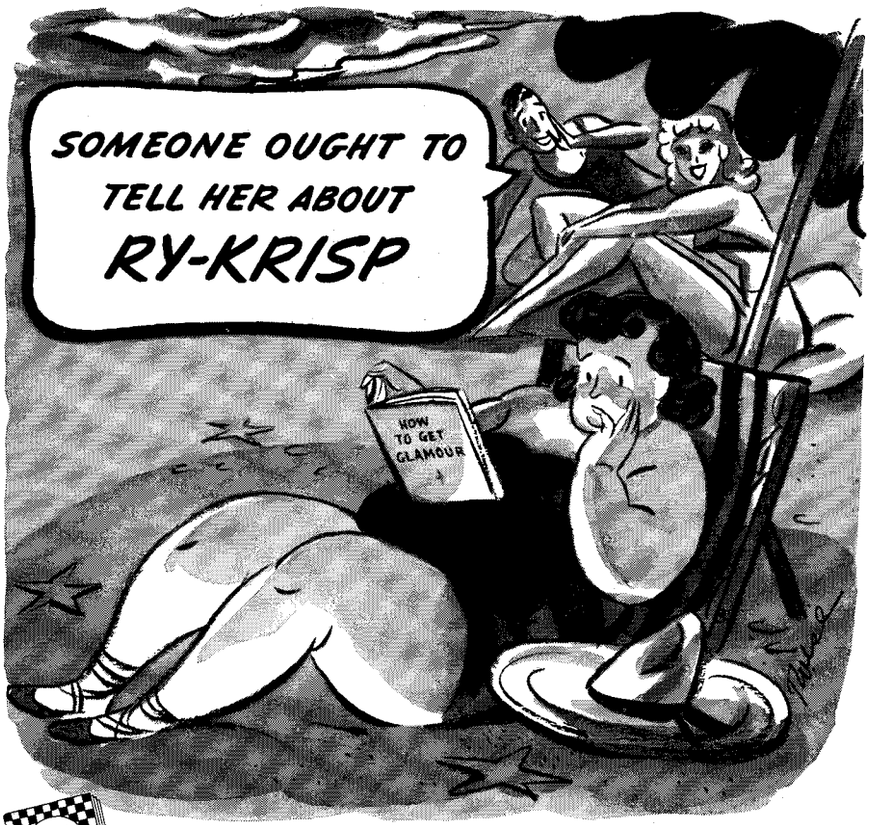
QUESTION: Why did you join the National Guard Reserve?

INTERVIEWED: Howard Strassner, 19, of 652 Genesee St.

Said Strassner:

If there is any chance that I might have to go to war for this country, I want to be as well prepared as possible. I certainly hope I don't have to fight, but it seems to me that training for a war is as essential as training for anything else. The only obligation in joining the reserve, as I understand it, is that I report quarterly, and that can even be done by mail. There are no drills or training camp programs required.—*Rochester Democrat & Chronicle.*

You're practically ready now!



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RESTAURANTS

Driving for Dining

DINNER in the country is a beautiful thing, once you face the fact that some of the best out-of-town restaurants are way the *hell* and gone out of town. After all, though, I suppose that even the most adroit conjuring with shrubbery and lawns can hardly be expected to turn a suburban setting into something authentically rural. So, having decided that the old better-mousetrap adage is as sound as it ever was, I've come to figure (and I suspect you will too) on a drive of two or three hours, or even more, between here and dinner.

The Old Drover's Inn, at Dover Plains, up Poughkeepsie way, is worth every minute it takes to get there. Mrs. Potter, who is responsible for it, is an experienced Englishwoman and her inn has the charms of a visit to friends in the country with all the snags left out. The staff will want you to start by trying a rum cocktail, a frozen one which is a specialty of the house, and I'd be the last person to interfere. Two's about enough, though; these drinks are second only to the Zombie in floating power. Mrs. Potter knows how adult food should be prepared and served, so all you need do is pick your favorite item on the blackboard which hangs by the fireplace and relax until it arrives. Everything broiled (thick steaks, sturdy chops, and whole baby chickens from a farm in nearby Millbrook) is done over charcoal. If you want Yorkshire pudding you might do well to ring up ahead, since they don't always make it, but will if you ask in advance. Hold back some space for an English tart with heavy cream or for Roquefort aged in port. There's a wonderful brandy, and if the filled cigarette boxes on the bar don't endear the establishment to you, I'm no psychologist and neither is Mrs. Potter.

The Red Barn, at Westport (it's just off the Merritt Parkway, so take your dime bank along), is so prosperously farflung, indoors and out, now that it's no wonder the Dunhams, who made it what it is today, are such a cheerful couple. Colored waiters in white housecoats, serving hot bread, cottage cheese, and platters of home-made frosted cake —maybe that suggests the way you eat here. The chowder is fine, the codfish balls are light and have crisp whiskers, and there are comfortable desserts like stewed fresh rhubarb and cookies or snow pudding with fresh blackberry sauce. You'll probably be able to master Southern fried chicken (very good) or a steak with French-fried potatoes, but if you're going light, try waffles with crisp bacon and a private bowl of salad. On a fresh evening, the terrace, with the outdoor fireplace sparking away, is just about perfect.

OUT on Long Island, the Round Hill Restaurant, at South Huntington, on the Jericho Turnpike, gets more attractive horticulturally every year and stays gastronomically where it always was—at the top. This is one of those places where you have to be careful not to eat too much bread: it's hot and crackling and terribly tempting, but don't. Don't, that is, if you're serious about the main dish. I happen to like the roast chicken *maison* (for two) and the airy way they have of carving it, but everything is of the finest and beautifully cooked, so if you prefer duck or squab or rack of lamb go right ahead. You can't lose. For dessert, if you last till then, you couldn't ask for a better one than the *omelette au rhum*.

The chef at the Stockholm (at Syosset, and also on the turnpike) must run like a hare between there and its sister restaurant, of the same name, in town. My impression is that he does as well, if not even slightly better, in Syosset, possibly because there he's closer to his sources of supply. The place itself is fresh and charming and rather elegant, with the inevitable and irresistible *smörgåsbord* enthroned in the centre of the dining room farthest from the entrance. You'll find such comprehensible dishes as broiled veal kidneys with bacon and tomatoes, fried soft-shell crab with sauce *remoulade*, broiled baby flounder, and turkey with lingon berries on the menu, as well as linguistic challenges like *bräckt rimmad oxbringa*, which are always less alarming than they sound.

I'VE come across two places on Long Island that are nothing less than childish dreams of grandeur come true. One of them, the Stirrup-Cup Castle, at Oakdale, boasts among its trappings a garden with a gazing ball, a turret or two, and Negro waiters in knee breeches. Hearing all this, you might easily have reason to be suspicious of the food, but no. Adolph Klug, who re-

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fers to himself as the host, once held forth at the Stagecoach Inn, over on the North Shore of the Island, and provides, as he did there, some of the best edibles you'll find on any shore. Many of his recipes come from Early American cookbooks (mostly got up in the Southern states, where they treated themselves mighty well at table) and so are truly magnificent—herbs abound and pastries all but float away before you can get a fork into them. How about baked lobster pie made of fresh boiled lobster, cream, sherry, and what the cookbooks call fine herbs, all covered with a short piecrust? Or how about the chicken Fredericksburg—chicken dipped into hot melted butter, broiled over a lively fire, and basted with savories? The famous Jubuloo tarts, made of whatever fruits or berries are in season, were all gone when I was there, but they gave me deep-dish apple pie with blue-burning brandy and I was the most overconsoled client you ever saw.

The second dream-come-true is the Casa Basso, at Westhampton. Mr. and Mrs. Basso, who run it, are installed in the cream-colored castle out of Walt Disney, so don't barge in there; the restaurant is in the low building next door, and very nice, too. You may like the garden sculpture and you may not. If you like it, you'll love it; if you don't like it, looking out the window at the rowboat filled with flowers will steady your nerves. Grown people get good Italian food, and children get a special meal with—really—a choice of milk or Coca-Cola. No wonder whole families come back every Thursday night to sit at the same tables. It must be great to have the cook go out.

MANHATTAN-TO-MONTAUK MILESTONES: Frank Friede's Riverside Inn, at Smithtown, for anything up to duck *à la presse*.... Brook House, at Brookhaven, for simple but very appetizing food, where one cocktail will start you tossing precious tidbits to the ducks nearby.... Catena's Restaurant, at Hampton Bays, for baby lobster from the fish market behind the kitchen.... Bill's Restaurant, in the fishing village near the Montauk wharf, for nautical company, sunsets, and whatever seafood you choose from the tank on the porch. —SOUBISE

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UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From the Buffalo Evening News*]

BERLIN, July 19 (AP).—A DNB dispatch from Copenhagen said Thursday night Denmark had withdrawn from the League of Nations.

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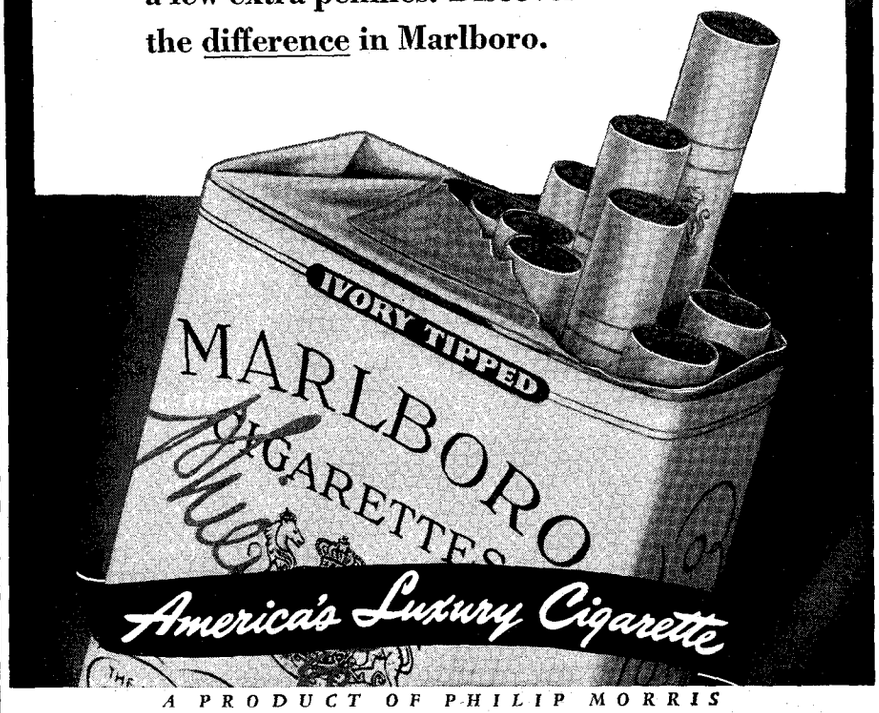

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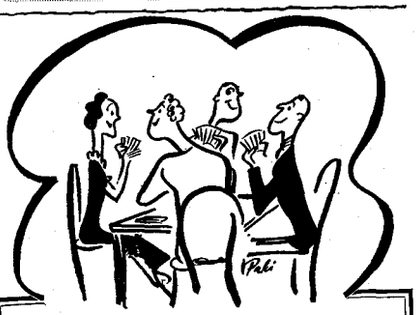

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THE TENNIS COURTS

Strong Man at Southampton

THE unruffled ease (6–4, 6–3, 6–3) with which Don McNeill brushed aside the whimsy, the fretfulness, and even the occasional brilliant strokes of Frank Kovacs at the Meadow Club in Southampton last week was almost too much of a good thing. It will be a shame, just when tennis is perking up again, if McNeill continues to overpower opponents who seemingly should offer much stiffer resistance. Of course, there's still Riggs to reckon with. He was nowhere near his best form when he lost to Kovacs in the semi-finals, and he'll probably feel obliged to come back with a rush in the Eastern Grass Court Championships at Rye this weekend.

Anyway, the final match at Southampton was a disappointment. It was practically over by the time one white-haired matron in the stands finished telling the gentleman next to her about her plans for the weekend and got around to the routine question: "Which one of these boys is which?" Her companion was able to say, "That's McNeill that's winning" without taking much of a gamble. Kovacs, incidentally, was up to all his old tricks, and tried out a few new ones, too. It will be interesting to see whether he quiets down any for the Nationals, in which he'll appear if some over-badgered ball boy hasn't dismembered him by then. The ball boys at Forest Hills haven't come up against a tyrant like him since Tilden's day, and the gallery, if it remembers that when the fuss was over Tilden had usually managed to win his match, may expect a better performance from Kovacs than he has to offer. On the other hand, he deserves more respect than the tournament committee at Rye showed him by leaving him off the seeded list.

TO get back to McNeill, there's still another reason to worry about him. In spite of the disheartening way he has of destroying men who should be his equals, it would be too bad to lose him to the professional promoters, and that's just what's going to happen if they get to thinking about how well he could stand up against Budge. He'll probably have to win the National Championship before the offers begin to come in, but even now he obviously has the type of game the professional crowds love. It's steady and intelligent, and yet spectacularly fast. McNeill hasn't indicated, for publication, at least, how he'd feel about turning pro. He may not even consider it. Still, it's one more unpleasant thing to think about.

The doubles situation began to clear up at Southampton. Schroeder and Kramer, who beat Alloo and Dee in the finals, look like the team of the year, if only because they've stuck together for quite a while now and seem to have worked out a fairly effective system. Riggs and Van Horn, who team up now and then, may plan to do so more often in the future. If they do, they must be considered. There still isn't a pair like Allison and Van Ryn around, though—not even Allison and Van Ryn, who, although they continue to show up whenever they're invited, slow down considerably after the first round or so. In the ladies' division, there's Miss Palfrey and Miss Marble, which is plenty. They're just about as good a women's combination as has ever played. Probably the only way to disrupt them would be to tell them they looked badly in shorts. It wouldn't be true, but it might upset their concentration.

NOTES: One of the trials of being national champion is that you are obliged to involve yourself in social events like the mixed-doubles tournament at Southampton. Riggs makes this sort of thing as painless as possible by getting his partner to stand well behind the baseline of the alley and stay there until it's her turn to serve.... Shields and Wood had an ad posted near Court 1 at the Meadow Club for the Shields-Wood Service Laundry, which they started up about a year ago at 1160 Madison Avenue. They've done fine and are thinking of opening a branch in Beverly Hills. Collars are five cents; shirts a dime. Special rates for sportsmen. —D. E. L.

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TX26N EDITORS
CORRECTION

IN CHAPLIN (NAVY WASHN TX24N) PLS READ TOTAL AMOUNT SPENT $3,408,-920,763.93 MAKING IT 93 CENTS INSTEAD 96 CENTS INS WASHN 901PKN

—I. N. S. dispatch received by a Cleveland radio station.

For a minute, there, we thought it was one of those spending sprees.

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STAMPU AS YOU GO

IT was early summer, and Tama San and I had just started off together from Tokio to make a little tour of Hokkaido, one of the northern islands of Japan. Bee, the English friend with whom I kept house in Tokio, was away on a visit, so I had decided to take Tama, our Japanese housekeeper, as my companion on the trip. We travelled third class, which is always crowded, and Tama had been so concerned about her costume and her innumerable red wicker bags and bundles that we had barely made the train and so couldn't find places together. However, she was now seated across the aisle facing me, so I could watch her, and I must say that her behavior baffled me. She had begun at once to play a kind of game with a small black book and a *furoshiki*. *Furoshiki* are the bright-colored handkerchiefs which the Japanese use for handbags. Tama had a half-dozen with her, one of which she kept in her lap, and she occupied herself by untying it, taking out the black book, retying it, studying the book for a time, untying, putting the book away, retying. At intervals of perhaps five minutes she would do the whole thing over. Sometimes she would vary the game by trotting down the aisle to question the conductor, waving the book excitedly. At the stations she would jump off, book in hand, and disappear in the crowd. Since the knots in the *furoshiki* had to be just so, I could understand that this game solved the problem of how to make the time pass, but what was in the black book? We were too far apart for me to ask questions, and I was hemmed in by numerous touring Japanese, so I stood it for five hours. Finally, however, my curiosity was too much for me, and when she got off at the next station I followed her.

Tama clattered down the platform in the wake of a group of students who finally brought up at the outskirts of a large crowd of people. Peering over the heads of the crowd, I saw that they were gathered around a small shelf on a wall of the waiting room. On the shelf were chained a pad of green ink and a wooden-handled rubber stamp, with which everyone in turn was making an impression in a book like Tama's. Tama suddenly saw me and beamed. "*Stampu*," she explained, waving toward the shelf. When her turn came, she printed a design in green on a blank page of her book. "*Naisu stampu*," she said in her best Japanese-English, and handed it over for my admiration.

I studied the "nice stamp." Inside a circle an inch and a half in diameter, a jade-green train dashed out of a jade-green forest, belching clouds of green-bordered smoke against a background of mountains, over which arched a rainbow studded with five-petalled flowers. At one side, in Japanese characters, was what I assumed to be the name of the station. "*Kirei desu*" ("how pretty"), I murmured, feeling that this was too Japanese an occasion for comment in English. (My Japanese was even weaker than Tama's English, and it was our custom to communicate in an approximation of whichever language seemed momentarily the more appropriate.)

All around us, Tama's fellow *stampu*-collectors were admiring the new item and enthusiastically talking over their stamp books. They were a mixed crowd. A businessman in plus fours and a Western coat, his pockets bulging with fountain pens, exchanged books with an elderly farmer in skin-tight, long trousers. Numerous university students, recognizable by their uniforms and rhomboid-shaped caps, debated furiously, probably over the inner meaning of the design. It was like a club. The session was broken off abruptly by a blast of the train dispatcher's whistle. We all scattered, the businessman and a number of elegant elderly couples to the first- and second-class carriages, most of us to the third.

SOME of Tama's neighbors on the train had left, so I moved over beside her and we looked through her book together. It was almost full of designs in black, blue, orange, purple, or green ink, and I saw at once that most of them hadn't been gathered on this trip, or for that matter at railway stations. Tama pointed to a picture of a fantastic dramatic hero. "Kabuki," she said, meaning that the stamp had come from the Kabuki Theatre. She giggled over a picture of a little girl in a bathing suit waving toward Mt. Fuji, under which a legend in English advertised a hotel at a popular summer resort. Tama's favorite *stampu* displayed an elegant lady with a parasol and was a memento from a department store. There were also numerous landscapes, with rivers, deer, fish, and snowcapped mountains, which had obviously come from distant parts of the country. I was astonished at the range of Tama's activities, but she confessed that she hadn't collected all of the stamps herself. Sometimes, she said, if her friends were going on interesting excursions, they would take Tama's book along and bring back *stampu* as travellers' presents. Everybody, she said, liked to collect them. It was a national *shumi*, or hobby. She explained that the fad had been started by the Tourist Bureau of the Government Railways. The bureau had got the idea from the custom of making pilgrimages to temples and shrines; the pilgrims wear flowing white robes, and at each temple visited they have the temple seal stamped on their robes, as a memorial of their piety. These robes, covered with attractive designs, had caught the eye of the railway officials, who decided to use the idea to increase travel by train. They were already offering very cheap excursion rates in the summer, and as an added inducement they put *stampu* at the railway stations so that the traveller, like the pilgrim, could have a record of his journey. The idea, Tama said, had caught on at once and now *stampu* were to be found from one end of the Empire to the other—in the shops, at the theatres and movies, at inns and restaurants, as well as at railway stations. Tama had been collecting them for ages, she said, and had dozens of books at home. She had brought several with her and by the time we returned to Tokio would have a day-by-day chronicle, in stamps, of our excursion.

At the time I didn't know how literally she meant this, but I soon found out, for the *stampu* turned out to be Tama's major interest in our expedition and we pursued them all over Hokkaido. The first thing she did when getting off at a station was to rush for the *stampu*. At every inn she asked for one as soon as etiquette permitted. If we climbed a mountain, it was only because she had been told there was a *stampu* in the teahouse on the summit, and our evenings were spent wandering from one small shop to another along the village streets, buying an occasional slab of bean jelly and collecting *stampu*. We always looked up the local post office and examined its specimen, but unless it was exceptional we let it go, because you had to buy a sen-and-a-half postage stamp to get it, and Tama felt there was no point in being extravagant even for a hobby.

Of course, I got a book and joined Tama in the chase. The *stampu* were irresistible. Occasionally there would be a disappointing one with just a name and the date, but usually the designs were charming. Those at the railway

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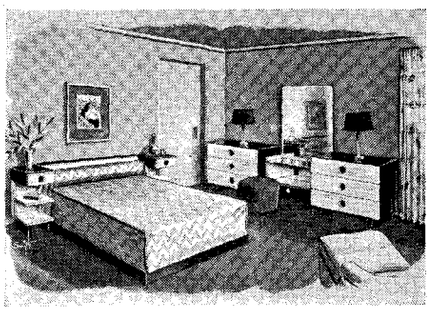

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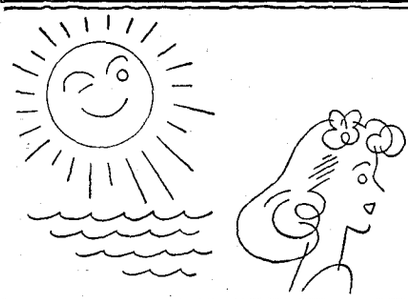

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stations were best. The designs were supposed to represent the things for which a town was famous, so there were pictures of smoking chimneys combined with skiers (signifying an industrial city with winter sports), or apples with automobiles, or lilies of the valley with waterfalls, and so on. In the northern cattle country there were portraits of longhorns, and since the Ainu, the aboriginal people of Japan, are now segregated in Hokkaido, Ainu stamps cropped up everywhere. There was also some symbolism: the numerous hot springs were always represented by what appeared to be three writhing serpents standing on their heads in a round hole, and the lilies of the valley represented not flowers but electricity, because Japanese street lights often cluster along a curved rod like the blossoms of the lily of the valley.

There were, Tama soon taught me, other angles to the game of travel. Bagging *stampu* for her own collection was only part of it. Tama, of course, was required by travellers' etiquette to take home presents to her friends, but on the other hand, she didn't want to spend money to do it. She didn't have to. All along our way we received free souvenirs. The inns and restaurants usually gave us farewell presents: a scrap of decorated cotton cloth, a match box covered with charming advertisements, a small fan stamped with the inn crest, or a number of postcard views of the hostelry. We bought *bento*, the wooden boxes of prepared lunch, which are found at most railway stations, and they always had an attractive wrapper inscribed with the name of the station and the date. Such things made fine travellers' gifts, and if they were covered with *stampu*, they were even better. Tama went about with the long sleeves of her kimono stuffed with miscellaneous trifles, and I would watch her at a railway station pulling out and stamping these souvenirs in a perfect frenzy while we other fans gathered around looking uneasily at the conductor, who stood sternly, watch in hand, ready to give the signal for the train to leave. Once, in such a crisis, the official actually held up the train until all of us had got our impressions.

As a matter of fact, I was always being surprised at the amount of coöperation we *stampu* fans got along the way, especially from the railway officials. At one junction, the *stampu* was in the main station, across a dozen tracks, which fact Tama and I didn't get onto in time to climb the stairs and cross the bridge over the tracks. Tama, holding her book helplessly, was in despair. A grim-looking official, wearing a stiff uniform, a visored cap, and gold-rimmed spectacles, was standing near us. He took in the situation at a glance, clicked his heels, bowed stiffly, snatched our books, sprinted across the tracks, regardless of rules, and returned panting with a beautiful impression for each of us.

This seemed to me remarkable enough, but an even odder adventure occurred a few days later. We were on a branch line for hours. Very few of the small stations had any *stampu*, and at those the train didn't stop long enough for us to get one. Tama was deeply concerned; she kept pursuing the conductor to ask if there would be a *stampu* at the next stop, and would we stop long enough to get one, and after his negative she would collapse and study her book with a fixed smile of deep resignation. Finally her distress was too much for the conductor. He wrote out a telegram announcing the approach of a *stampu* fan, tossed it to a stationmaster as we moved slowly through his depot, and yelled at him to wire the message to the station ahead of us. Our train didn't stop at the station, but the official who had received the wire was standing on the platform, pad and *stampu* in hand. Tama was fluttering in our open window, holding out her book, her arms in their long sleeves tossing like aspens in a gale. The stationmaster rushed to our window, and as the train moved slowly along he trotted beside us holding up the pad, while Tama stamped until she had a clear impression. Bowing her thanks through the open window of a moving train taxed all of Tama San's social graces, especially at a moment when she was in such an emotional condition that it seemed as if the *stampu* had come just in time to save her from a nervous breakdown.

By the end of the trip, Tama had a complete record of our excursion: the stations we had passed, the inns we had stopped at, the mountains we had climbed, the hot springs we had bathed in, the landscapes, cows, and Ainu we had viewed. It was no surprise to me, therefore, that, on our return home, when Bee asked her what she had enjoyed most on her tour, she pulled out her small black books and cried exultantly, "*Stampu!*" —HELEN MEARS

•

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OUT OF TOWN

Junket and Juneau

WHEN the America, the new ship which the United States Lines had hoped would be an important competitor for European travel trade, came up the harbor last week to the accompaniment of a waterfront reception reminiscent of other days, she completed an old-fashioned junket such as hardly anyone ever expected to see again. For a day and two nights she had been on a haphazard pre-maiden voyage up from Newport News, where she was built, with more than eight hundred guests, including about a hundred senators and representatives who presumably were among those legislators who voted a subsidy enabling the America's owners to operate their ship on a cruise basis until transatlantic travel comes back. Without this help from Congress, the liner might have idled in the mouth of the James for the duration of the war. Plainly, the least the owners could do was to throw a big party, and they did.

Unfortunately, the shindy took place over a weekend as hot as any we've had in years, but the real blow fell when it was discovered that the air-conditioning system wasn't working. It was as breathless on the ocean, I'm told, as it was in town (Senator George is supposed to have remarked that the water was as smooth as Senator Glass) and the captain took the ship now this way and now that, hunting for a breeze. The only lady on board, a nurse, considerately kept to her cabin, so the legislators, lolling on the blistering decks, felt free to strip. They sang together in the best clambake tradition, and made off-the-record statements to anyone who would listen. The America has especially fine accommodations for dogs, and some of the less inhibited guests took turns crawling into the kennels, where they were photographed while roaring happily that they were "in the dog house." It was fine, and everyone was correctly awed when the captain pushed the pace up to an unannounced point above the ship's guaranteed speed of twenty knots, jammed the wheel hard over, and turned the ship in a full circle without any vibration and with an only barely perceptible list.

You've read, probably, and forgotten, her statistics—length 723 feet overall; 26,454 gross tons; accommodations for 1,202 passengers on eight decks—which mean that she's not spectacularly larger than the Washington and Manhattan, but is nevertheless the biggest ship ever built in this country. You may remember that she was launched on the ominous date of August 31, 1939, with Mrs. Roosevelt brandishing the champagne bottle. The America is beautifully designed. The decks are unusually spacious, and I like the funny-looking devices on the funnels which keep soot from falling on the top, or sports, deck. The promenade deck is enclosed in glass, which extends all the way down to the level of the deck, doing away with the customary chest-high rail and thus giving people in deck chairs a chance actually to see the ocean. Every one of the staterooms has a full-length mirror and a full-sized closet, and most of them have telephones. The decoration throughout the ship, except for an odd corner or two, is pleasant and not startling. The colors of most of the fabrics are subdued, most of the woodwork is finished in light tones, and there's a welcome absence of chairs with chromium legs. The swimming pool, as it should be in a ship designed for transatlantic service, is below deck, and there's a gymnasium next to it. If you weren't on hand to see the America come in, you might watch her sail some time, or drop by to see her at Pier 59. I think you'll like her looks.

The America is scheduled to sail every other Saturday, starting this weekend, to the West Indies, making calls at the Virgin Islands, Puerto Rico, and Havana. Not much of a trip when you consider the ambitious plans of her designers, but, with things as they are, she's lucky to be journeying at all.

PAN AMERICAN has been successfully operating its Clipper service to Alaska all summer, and plans to keep it up until winter sets in. This is the company's first year there, and its activities are nothing to what they're expected to be when the government gets through dotting Alaska with large airports, so that big, high-altitude stratoships can take over. Plane service has long been available over a goodly part of Alaska—from Juneau north and west to Fairbanks, Bethel, and Nome—but until this year, the only means the ordinary traveller had of reaching Juneau was a

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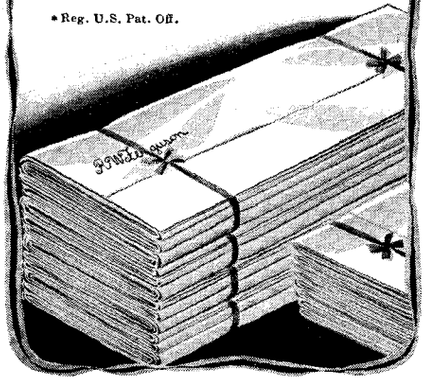

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four-day boat trip from Seattle. Pan American, wishing to escape any international complications for itself and its passengers, manages to avoid crossing an inch of Canadian territory by using long-range flying boats—four-engined Sikorskys, at the moment—which can make the trip without stopping and so steer clear of the coast. It's now a seven-hour trip to Juneau from Seattle, and the planes fly twice a week in each direction. United Air Line planes from New York make connections with the Alaska-bound planes at Seattle, so the whole trip from here to Juneau is something like a mere twenty-four hours; Nome, which is just across Bering Strait from the U.S.S.R., is less than thirty-six hours of flying time away from New York.

IF it's not too late to change your plans for the tail end of the summer, you may be interested to hear about two horseback expeditions which an organization called Trail Riders of the Wilderness is getting ready to undertake late this month. At any rate, make a note about Trail Riders for next year. Quite likely you haven't heard of this enterprise. It was started a few years ago by the American Forestry Association for the benefit of experienced horsemen who find the idea of taking long rides into high mountain country appealing but don't know how to go about arranging for a trip. Already, this summer, guided parties have been up in such wild country as the Great Smokies in North Carolina, the Sawtooth Range in Idaho, and the Montana Spanish Peaks. Of the two expeditions still to come, one, from August 20th to September 2nd, will traverse the White River Flat Tops Wilderness of Colorado, and the other, from August 23rd to September 4th, will explore the Kings River Wilderness in the Mt. Whitney region of California. The American Forestry Association, in Washington, D. C., will give you details about what equipment is required and so on. Anyone who goes along must take out a temporary membership in the Association, but that's easy.

—S. R. W.

•

WHAT LUCEPAPER D'YA READ?

In the new official picture of the Supreme Court released last week, taken to mark the new member's accession, Mr. Justice Murphy appears in fitting dignity beside his eight new colleagues.—*Life*.

Only misfit face in the lot was that of Frank Murphy, who looked as ethereally wretched as always.—*Time*.

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TWO WEEKS WITHOUT GOLD

MY vacation this year is no problem. For the first time in my life, I was able to decide where I was going within five minutes of having heard of a place. I found on my desk a six-page folder, printed (with some of the letters upside down) in French and English on blue paper, describing the Hotel Château Bilodeau at Ste.-Pélagie de MacGregor, Quebec. I don't know who left the folder there, but he was a true friend.

I was interested to read that Ste.-Pélagie is where "the color of Old France covers itself with the varnish of Broadway," but the first sentence that really made me sit up and take notice was "With total disregard of the laws of watershed the Laurentian Mountains [elsewhere described as the oldest mountains in the world] tumble right down into the Saint Lawrence." Now, I don't know what the laws of watershed provide, but I'm sure it's unusual for mountains, even very old ones, to disobey them, and the result is something I'm going to have to see for myself.

Further along, in a paragraph about cuisine, I read, "After having spent the whole day enjoying outdoor sports, golfing, playing tennis, swimming, and fishing you will become well-disposed toward the chef." I wonder about that chef. Apparently he's no great shakes as a cook, since you have to be exhausted and practically starving before you become even "well-disposed" toward him. He must have some hidden quality that counteracts his obvious ineptitude in the kitchen, and I intend to find out what it is.

At the Château Bilodeau, "room tariffs are low, and that staff is trained not for tip, but for attention to your wants." This sounds almost idyllic.

Following this is the most cryptic and engaging sentence of all. "Perhaps you would like a day off from gold," it begins, and ends by saying that if you go fishing, you'll "never come back with an empty bag." (I must remember to buy a fish bag before going up.) That "day off from gold" is the real teaser. It doesn't seem likely that the Canadian management at this time would be dragging up that old dollar-chasing accusation to fling at the heads of its prospective American guests. It would be bad business and bad propaganda. Yet what else can they mean? "A day off from gold." Even a *New Masses* cartoon financier wouldn't take a chest of gold on his vacation with him and spend his time counting it and running his hands through it. If the sentence said, "Perhaps you would like *two weeks* off from gold," it would make some sense.

The only theory I can evolve is that there is a vein of gold somewhere near Ste.-Pélagie and that the guests spend all their time trying to find it. Obviously the management can't come right out and say that there *is* gold up there. That would wreck the whole economic setup of the Dominion, but I think I'm on the right track. Somehow it fits in with that chef. Probably he knows where it is but tells only people who show signs of appreciating his food. It's a sort of vicious circle. They exercise until they are starving, so as to develop enthusiasm for the bad food. He tells them where the gold is and they compensate him handsomely, thus making it unnecessary for him to try and be a good cook. Well, I shall find out. Even without the attractions of disobedient old mountains and the Broadway-varnish act, the gold-plus-chef mystery is sure to snare me.

The pamphlet ends with a line of lovely but characteristically cryptic poetry. Laden with beauty, and making no sense at all, it says, "Serried ranges, smoke blue and purple, cradle and setting sun." —FREDERICK PACKARD

•

I FELL FOR A SAILOR is a Duckworth 7s. 6d. volume of short stories by Fred Urquhart which have been published in journals or broadcast. Some of them have an original American humour. There is a good one on the life story of a girl with T.B. in a sanatorium and several revelations of social outlook in Scots dialect and classes. The cleverest tale in the book is "I Died Young."—*Catalogue of the Bermuda Book Stores.*

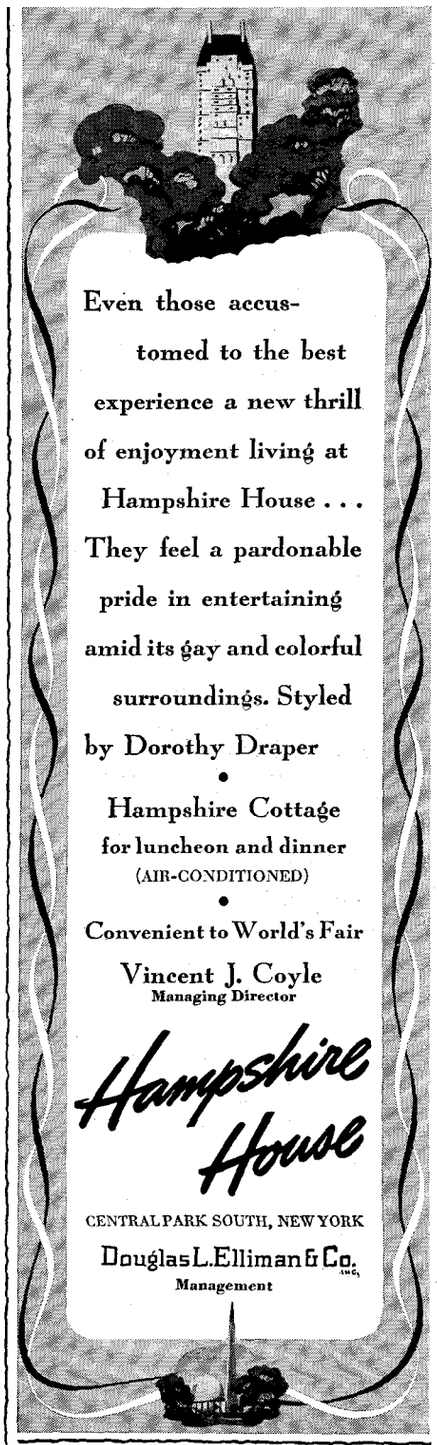
There's no humor like original American humor!

•

THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK
(VITAL CLARITY DIVISION)

[From an article by Professor Karl Llewellyn in the Yale Law Journal]

3. It is of course vital to clarity that the level and context of discourse be kept clear. I shall therefore attempt, when a complex great-group (a "society") is in question, to distinguish the specific Law and Law-stuff of the Whole from the specific by-law and by-law-stuff of any designated sub-grouping within the whole. It is in light of the functional similarity that the institutional differences and the conflicts gain clarity. The uncapitalized phrasings, "legal" and "law-job" and "law-way," I reserve for general applicability to the functional aspects common to groups of all kinds and sizes.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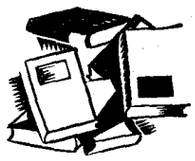
BOOKS

Country Matters



THE time is soon coming when writers will be forced to live in the country in order to get publishers to issue their books. In every catalogue and on every book counter, the rural note drowns out the thin whisper of Times Square and the Seventh Avenue subway. Country doctors, lawyers, preachers have discovered that to write a successful book is as easy as rolling off an eclogue. Homespun conquers; Megalopolis yields to Bucolica; wholesomeness has become a minor industry and will doubtless soon be put on conveyor belts for mass production. We have not had so much rural virtue since Theocritus, a boy from Syracuse, was a best-seller in the sinful city of Alexandria.

This season the publishers, fresh from their ledgers sweet with hay, promise us a minimum of seven books by or about country editors. The first, called, of all things, "Country Editor," by Henry Beetle Hough, may sweep the field. What is to be said about rural journalism it says pleasantly and soundly. Yet the pleasant and sound Mr. Hough also commands a kind of easy-going belligerence on occasion. Some of his views may very well disconcert the city-slicker professors of journalism up at 116th Street and Broadway. I should like to know what they make, for instance, of Mr. Hough's opinion that "it is a mighty dangerous thing, sometimes, to know your costs in the newspaper business."

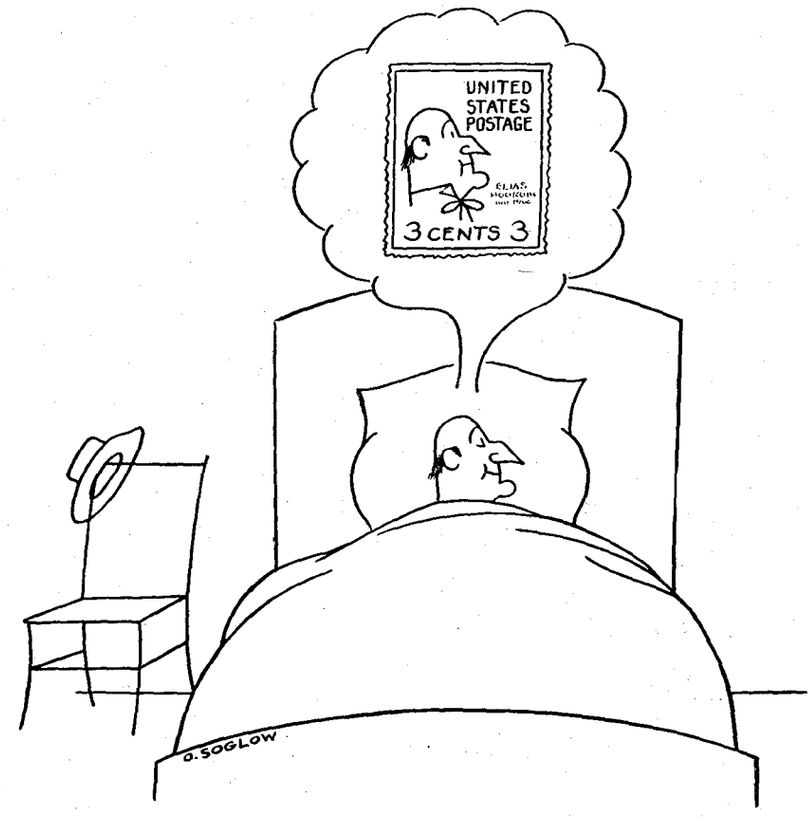
About twenty years ago, Mr. Hough and his wife bought the *Vineyard Gazette*, a weekly that had been published in Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, ever since 1846. They have now massaged the circulation up from 600 to 2,700 copies, a fact of relatively slight importance to Mr. Hough. What is important to him is the merger he has effected of three lives: that of the town, that of the *Gazette*, and that of Henry Beetle Hough. For country journalism (this is the theme song of the book) is not a business but a whole life in itself—like farming, as the tender idylls of Mr. Steinbeck have made so clear. Or, if it is a business, it is intensive rather than extensive. Mr. Hough didn't want to expand: he threw out the job-printing sideline because it interfered with his being a good country newspaperman. Profit, though he depends on his paper for a living, is itself a sideline. "Nobody guarantees a country weekly anything. The latter is more like a farm. When money is tight, you take it out of your hide and somehow or other you do not mind." That's how it is up in Martha's Vineyard.

Well, Mr. Hough runs along easy as a buggy and a well-gaited horse. He tells you how to get out a country weekly, and what the advent of the power age (the linotype) did to the *Gazette*, and all about the town's odd characters (he doesn't make them *too* odd, either), and about the impact of the summer people (he's pretty cautious here), and about local verse and local scholarship and local murders, and about the fire that almost destroyed his plant, and how a big story is handled by a staff of five, and more of the same.

Mr. Hough has a notion that things have been big for so long now that it's difficult for most people even to formulate a notion of smallness. There's something to this, and the virtue of "Country Editor" is that it really does make you see and vicariously love a life that is small without the slightest pettiness. A country town is *not* the world, Mr. Hough says proudly, and a good hard look at the world will do much to justify his pride.

It's interesting to compare this book, published in 1940, with that of another rural editor, Ed Howe, whose "Story of a Country Town" was written almost sixty years ago. The contrast is startling: Howe is tart and realistic, even shocking. Hough is sweet and sentimental, though not disagreeably so. Has the small town changed? Is it just that the two men, both looking at village life over the same old-fashioned roll-top desk, are different? Or has literary fashion itself shifted, bringing into temporary disfavor the sharp and unsparing view of the country and the small town (Masters, the early Lewis, Anderson) that was once dominant? This last may be the answer. Yet the Steinbecks and the Caldwells hardly dispense sweetness and light, and they seem to be read by many of the same people who enjoy the Hertzlers and the Houghs. The whole situation is rather mixed up.

"Country Editor," by the way, could have been even more instructive if Mr. Hough had reprinted, as a kind of appendix, one entire sample issue of the *Vineyard Gazette*. To offset this mild stricture I add another note: Your correspondent, Mr. Hough, who says it's "cole slaw" and *not* "cold slaw," is within his rights, if we're to take the word of a couple of city fellers



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CHARLES ALLEN SMART'S "Rosscommon" belongs to the literature of Utopia as much as to that of country life. It's really an imaginative chapter—beautifully felt and beautifully written—in the life of one particular American dream that dies hard: the dream of the small-unit rural communism (not Marx's kind) that produced New Harmony, and Brook Farm, and the Oneida Community, and all the rest. Mr. Smart, who a couple of years back wrote a first-rate country book called "R. F. D.," creates his dream through the medium of his presumably imaginary neighbor, a Mr. Macdonald. Macdonald, portrayed as a failure, has nevertheless had, during the years of his slow decay, an exact vision of how his 900-acre farm, Rosscommon, in southern Ohio, might under other circumstances have become the focus of a new and fruitful experiment in communal living—a sort of down-to-earth Yankee version of William Morris, minus the frills and the crankiness. The substance of his vision is the substance of "Rosscommon."

It's a curiously affecting, even heartwarming book, the work of a young writer who is clearly feeling his way toward something quite fine and honest. It's not easy to determine whether you like it because you like Mr. Smart, whose personality somehow seems to pervade the book, or whether it really possesses admirable intrinsic qualities. A good deal of both, perhaps.

I suppose "Country Editor," being in the vogue, will be more widely read, but "Rosscommon" has the greater originality, and, I should hazard, a far more profound appreciation both of the present impasse and the future promise of American rural life.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TALE OF THREE CITIES, by D. L. Murray. A long and lively historical romance, the story of Deodato, who began his career as a Franciscan lay brother, became a courtier of Napoleon III, and lived precariously through the Commune. Although Mr. Murray's book is probably destined for Hollywood, it has more meat in it than the usual costume piece. The three cities are Rome, London, and Paris, and the political

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complications in Paris sound quite contemporary.

THE BREWERS' BIG HORSES, by Mildred Walker. A genteel lady finds herself, to her own and her family's surprise, running a brewery in a Midwestern town. Lots of late-Victorian family background and a convincing love story. By the author of "Dr. Norton's Wife."

GYPSY, GYPSY, by Rumer Godden. Miss Godden's chief characters are an aging beauty, whom everybody has always spoiled, and her timid but determined niece. An old Breton estate and a family of gypsies provide local color and a touch of antiquity and strangeness helps the plot along. The people are odd but credible; the sinister atmosphere is nicely handled.

FIRE WALL, by Alan Clark. Doings among the daredevil motorcycle riders. A tough-sentimental tale of the James M. Cain variety, seeming strangely old-fashioned today. Mr. Clark contributes some interesting details and his plot is dramatic enough, but he tries too hard to make his novel significant in a big way.

GENERAL

THEY WANTED WAR, by Otto D. Tolischus. This analysis of Hitler's Germany and Germany's Hitler is based on the admirable dispatches to the New York *Times* that won Mr. Tolischus a Pulitzer Prize this year.

WHY ENGLAND SLEPT, by John F. Kennedy. The young son of Ambassador Kennedy contributes a cool and factual study of the complex reasons underlying England's failure to rearm during the thirties and traces a warning parallel between our own situation now and England's up to now.

BIG SANDY, by Jean Thomas. The Big Sandy flows through the eastern Kentucky highlands. Along its banks dwell perhaps the last of the Elizabethan Americans. Using their own proud speech, the author tells how these people live and work, and narrates a few of their songs and stories, including the tragic history of a Romeo-and-Juliet interlude in the Hatfield-McCoy feud. Miss Thomas stands out in her field, and this is one of her best books. Illustrated.

ABOUT SPIDERS, by Elaine V. Emans. Short, popular treatment of the more interesting varieties of American Arachnida, including the Beautiful Lady, the tarantula, and the Black Widow. The author explodes the notion that female spiders invariably eat

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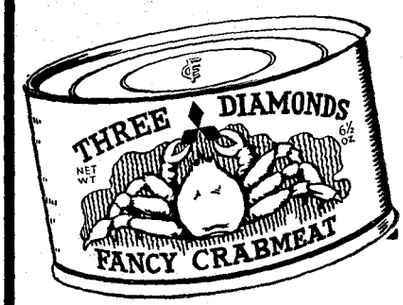

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the males after mating. It's a tossup, she says. It all depends on whether the female is hungry or not. Photographs and drawings.

THE DELAWARE, by Harry Emerson Wildes. Crowded biography of a river and its people: Indians, Swedes, Quakers, loggers, Revolutionary soldiers, Copperheads, Mollie Maguires, political bosses, etc. Slow in starting, but one of the best volumes in the "Rivers of America" series. Poorly illustrated.

BEHIND THE SCENES OF MURDER, by Joseph Catton, M.D. The author, a California psychiatrist who has examined many accused murderers, explains the methods and problems of the alienist in court, illustrating his remarks with his own experiences in the cases of Winnie Ruth Judd, William Hickman, the Massie episode, and the like. Fascinating stuff.

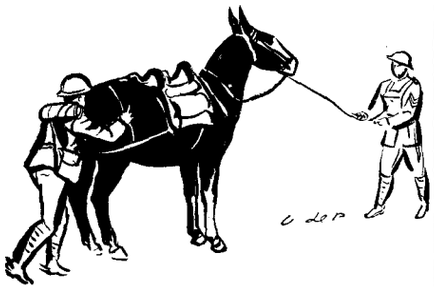
ORIENTAL ASSEMBLY, by T. E. Lawrence, edited by A. W. Lawrence, with 129 photographs by the author. Six fugitive pieces about the East, including the remarkable suppressed introductory chapter for "Seven Pillars of Wisdom." The photographs are valuable and often beautiful.

MARYLAND, by the Maryland Writers' Project. This latest addition to the American Guide Series is as efficient and entertaining as its companion volumes. Numerous excellent photographs and maps.

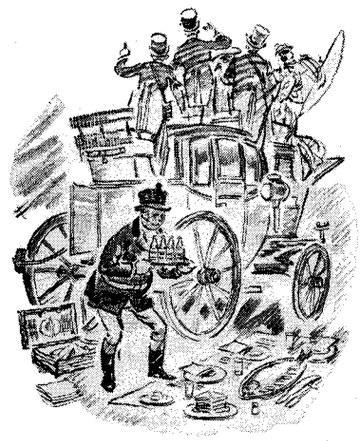
SEE CANADA NEXT, by Larry Nixon. A handy reference book for northbound travellers. The passport, customs, and exchange information is as up-to-the-minute as possible.

TIME EXPOSURE, by William Henry Jackson. A pioneer American photographer and artist, now ninety-seven, writes his autobiography: the Mexican War, service at Gettysburg, bullwhacking on the plains, the early Mormons, the opening of Yellowstone Park, etc. The author, a likable man, tells his story well. Real Americana, and a yard wide. Many pictures, most of them by the author.

THE CIRCLING YEAR, by Frederic F. Van de Water. The country once



One of the Good Things Men Remember



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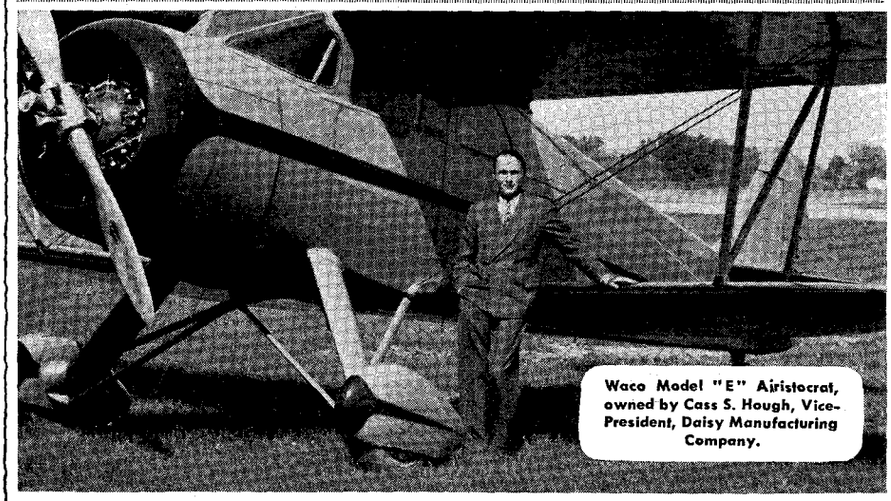

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more. This, the author's third book in praise of his Vermont farm, is a calendar of essays on dogs, people, birds, the seasons, and so on. Pleasant and well done, though Mr. Van de Water is somewhat smug about his escape from the metropolis.

WINGS OVER THE AMERICAS, by Alice Rogers Hager. Journal of a flight around South America—down the West Coast to Santiago, across to Buenos Aires and Rio, and up through the Caribbean—by Pan American Clipper. In addition, notes on the Atlantic Clipper and Pacific-Alaska Airways. The author didn't get away from the airports much, but she gives you a clear picture of what American and other airlines are doing in South America. Photographs.

LOOK WHO'S TALKING!, by S. J. Perelman. Twenty-four Perelmans of great price, being successful attacks on your sanity by a humorist. Most of these high, fantastic lunacies have appeared in these pages. Our favorite is "Is There an Osteosynchrondroitrician in the House?"

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MURDER WITHOUT MAKE-UP, by Edla Benjamin. Death at a New York opening night sends an actress sleuthing. Full of glimpses of night clubs and real celebrities. Well written if fluffy.

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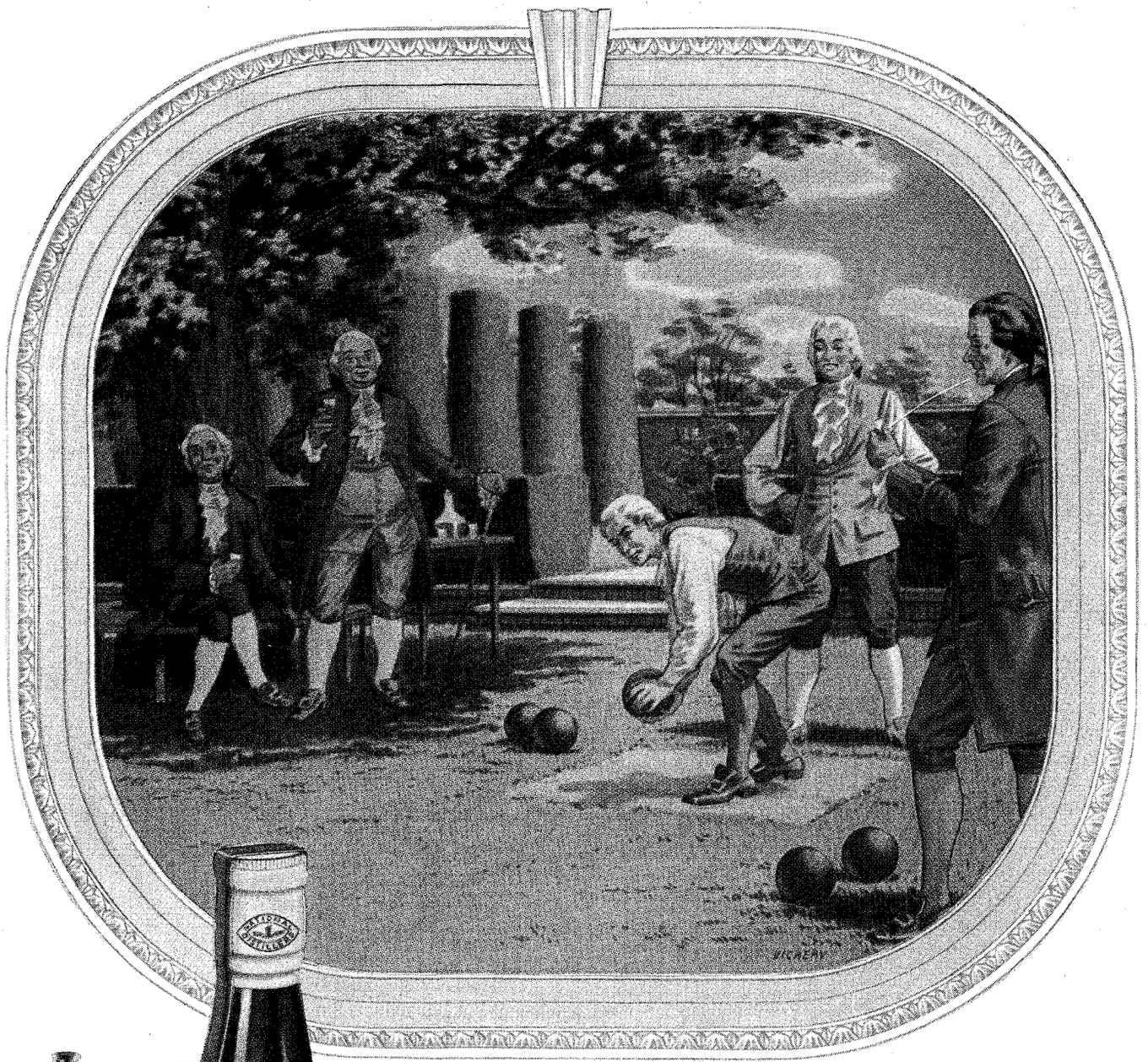

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